

MISCELLANEOUS.

A PARAPHRASE.

BY M. E. D. THORNE.

- O God! I pray be merciful to me,
For in Thee doth my weary spirit rest;
Yea, to the shadow of Thy wings I fly,
And refuge find within Thy sheltering arms
Till these calamities be overpast.
- To Him I raise my voice, my God most high,
Who hears and ever heeds my pleading cry.
- Be sendeth from the heavens and saveth me,
When for my life the enemy awaits;
My God sends forth His mercy and His truth.
- My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed,
To Thee I will sing praise, to Thee, my Lord!
- Awake, my glory! O, awake my harp!
Awake, my soul, to early praise His name!
- Among the people, Lord, I Thee will praise,
Among the nations I will sing to Thee—
Because Thy mercy reaches to the heaven,
Thy truth unto the downward-bending clouds.
- Be Thou exalted o'er the heavens, O God!
Above the wide earth let Thy glory be!

REST.

BY REV. CHARLES BRUCE PITBLADO.

"We which have believed do enter into rest,"
HEBREWS IV. 3.

[Concluded.]

2. It is rest from doubt. There are broods of professors who live in the wilderness, misty region of doubt. There are others, who live in the sunny realm of certainty. They have not speculated about Jesus Christ, but believed Him. Christianity is to them not only a creed, but a life. They have perfect faith in God in Christ, and so perfect certainty, and so perfect rest. There is a great difference between doubt and certainty. Doubt is weakness, stagnation, unrest; certainty is strength, progress, rest. We don't wonder that Scotland's greatest infidel once said that he was sorry he ever doubted. Doubt squeezes all the pith and courage out of the soul; certainty braces its sinews, thickens and reddens its blood, and fills it with pluck and restfulness.

Faith in God's fatherly wisdom and motherly love, is the foundation of rest in the trouble-times and dark passes of life. A little girl was asked to go into a dark cellar. She was timid, and looking down, said, "You down here, God?" With the kind of faith in God that she had, the Christian is ready for the dark places and passes. It may be he stands by the wreck of his earthly possessions, stunned; but as soon as he speaks, he says, "All things work together for good to them that love God." Maybe he stands by a little coffin, and and lonely, but he looks up and says, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." He has no doubt about God's love and wisdom. A brave fisherman went out among the breakers to save the crew of a foundering ship. His wife coming down to the shore, asked, "Where is William?" Some one answered, "O Mrs. Johnston, your husband is drowned!" Drowned! Night came down about her heart. She went home, and gathering her little children round her, said, "Children, your father is drowned! Come, let us kneel down and pray." Her heart was breaking. Her children were fatherless. Her home was desolate. She knelt and stretched up her hand of faith through the night, up, up higher, until she grasped the Hand that is always there. She rose, saying, "Thank God, He has promised to be a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow!" She rested in God.

Many of us have passed under the cloud of bereavement. It may have been black. Some of us saw the Hand stretched down through the "deeps of darkness and heard voices ringing through our souls—"I will never leave thee." "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." It was enough. Our souls rested in God. The trouble-cloud became a canopy of glory. Oh! it was a sad time when we stood by the grave and said "good-bye!" We have in our homes and near our hearts lovelies and likenesses and half-worn-out shoes and shawls, that we sadly, strangely cling to. They are, to us, more than gems. But we'll think nothing about these things when we meet our dear departed in the morning. Waiting for the morning, we can sing with Mark Trafton:—

"And the tinkles lie sadly around me—
One hair-bread I hear on my breast;
But I think, O my friend, as I mark them,
I believe what He willeth is best."

3. This "rest" of the text fits its possessor for the sublime purposes of spiritual life. In that sense he is perfect. Hooker says, "We count these things perfect which want nothing requisite for the end whereunto they were instituted." Hooker says "things," let us say creatures. For illustration, take two eagles: One has a lame leg, a blind eye, and a broken wing. Surely he is not well-fitted for the end of his existence, so he is not a perfect eagle. The other one is neither blind, nor lame, nor broken-winged. See him leap from the rocky ridge onto the blast! He is fully fitted for the end of his existence, so he is a perfect eagle. Take two men physically: One has a twist in his spine and lumbago in his joints. He is troubled with asthma, and has a touch of dropsy on the brain. Poor man! he is badly fitted for the physical

purposes of life; therefore he is not a perfect man physically. The other man is healthy, and symmetrical, and brawny. He is fully fitted for the physical purposes of life; therefore he is a perfect physical man. Take two professed Christians: One is snappish, surly, peevish. His soul has asthma and lumbago—awful diseases for it to have. The very muscles of his soul are flaccid. It is so easy for him to create foul feuds at home and little broils in the Church. His arguments are apt to run mad, and his bargain-making to fling him from his equilibrium. He talks about his "crooked paths," and some of them seem crooked enough. He seems to think it almost necessary to sin a little every day "in thought, word and deed," to keep him humble and give him a chance to groan, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this body of death?" Poor soul! he is not well-fitted for the sublime purposes of a Christian life; therefore he is not a perfect Christian. Nobody supposes he is. Look at the other professed Christian! He seems to have found a soul full of rhythm. He is restful and muscular spiritually, because he has believed in Jesus with all his heart. He is zealous, because his soul is the throne-room of the Holy Ghost. He is clear, because the sin-coat has been washed from his soul by the blood of the Lamb. Such a Christian is fitted for the sublime purposes of a spiritual life; therefore he is a perfect Christian. His heart is in jarless concert with the heart of God. Shall we say with the Bible, that he is "made perfect in love?"

4. This soul-rest makes its possessor practical. He may be naturally sentimental, or romantic, or poetic; he is surely practical. There is no necessary dissonance between the poetical and practical. They may be, and often are, perfectly harmonious. Look at the dew. It is poetic as it silvers the violet in the valley, and the daffodil in the dingle, as it shimmers along sea and lawn, through glades and glen,—

"Trembling lest it grow impure,
Till the warm sun plucks its pain
And to the skies exhale it back again."

It is practical as it comes to the squash-vine and the blueberry bush, to help make them healthy and strong and fruitful. Look at the sun! He is poetic as he glims along sea and lake, baptizes the granite hills with gold, and hangs pictures of glory around the galleries of the gloaming. He is practical as he comes to the spring Sylva to help stir the sap in twig and trunk and root; practical, as he visits garden and orchard to help produce peas and pears. Like dew and sun, the man who carries in his soul the blessing of the text, may be poetical; he is sure to be practical. He is not so much a poet as a utilitarian. He is not so much a theologian as a witness. He does not so much dream and theorize about the beauties and the blisses of vital Christianity, as he appropriates and embodies them. His Christ-life being a thing of internal reality, is also a thing of eternal practicalness.

The restful Christian of other years was practical. Look at Wesley, Fletcher, Carver, George Fox, Ann Rogers, Lady Maxwell, Fenelon, Rutherford, Bramwell, Brainerd, Payson, Asbury, Leighton, Hamline and Finney! Each of these was practical as a spring morning, or as a letter-carrier. The restful Christian of to-day is just as practical as those who lived and worked in years of other times. You know this is a practical age. It sends the steam-car rumbling, rushing, through the mystic forests where of old the poets tempted their gods. It launches the steamship screaming, smoking, up the great waters where erst the mermaid sported with the merman and dried her tresses in the sun. It sneers at the idea of sylphs and oreads, but glories in the splash of tug-boats and in the whirl of wheels. It thinks more of bankers and bakers than of bards. It laughs at knight-errantry, but rejoices in sending its commercial travelers in quest of customers to buy its prints and carpets, its kerosene and its lucifer-matches, its mowing-machines and sewing-machines. Such an age calls for practical Christians. Well, they are to be found among "all sorts and sizes." Little Duncan was a practical Christian. He sold matches for a living, and also distributed tracts to try and get others to love Jesus. One day a gentleman bought a box of matches and handed him a shilling. He ran to get change, but did not return. That night a little ragged, weeping boy called upon the gentleman and said: "Duncan is no well. When he was coming back with your change, a cart knocked him down and broke his legs. He is lying on our little bed among the shavings, dear!" This is your change, sir. Duncan is sorry he lost the rest of it, when the horse ran over him. Jesus helps him to keep quiet." We call that, as far as it goes, practical Christianity.

Yes, practical Christians are found today among all classes and ages, and, as a rule, the more of the blessing of the text they possess, the more practical they are. Some of them are practical as grindstones, or as village wells, or as gas-makers. See them at work for God. They crowd into hovel and hall, into seraglio and zenana. They make the palace, the shealing, and the kraal, echo with psalms, and they kneel to the living God under the shadow of the pagoda. The continents and the archipelagos are waking to their cry. They are "turning the world upside down." They are stirring the Church to its centre, and helping to smooth the wrinkles out of it, wash it, palm it, and place it. They obey the command, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

5. This heavenly rest makes its possessor joyous and often jubilant. The Church has on hand more sour, sepulchral, glum professors than she knows what to do with. She calls for jubilant, juicy, sunny souls. Hame, the Scotch infidel, said that Christianity was "melancholy." Poor man! he didn't know anything about it. Rutherford, another Scotchman, knew all about it. He said, "If God were dead and Christ buried, we might have cause to look like dead folks; but the Lord liveth, and blessed be the Rock of our salvation. . . . Shout for joy. . . . Saints have a sweet life." A little girl saw the sunbeams dart into her cup. She tried to drink them, and cried, "O mamma, I have swallowed a cupful of sunbeams." This text is a cup brimful of spiritual sunbeams, and the soul that, by belief, appropriates them, can testify, "I have swallowed a soulful of sunbeams." Experimental Christianity in its fullness is condensed sunshine. O Solon, you blundered when you said that, "No man ought to be called happy until he dies." The holy Christian is happy while he lives. According to his degree of holiness will be his degree of happiness. Christianity is not midnight and shroud, but midday and coronal; not dreary December, but songful June. It does not call us into a dismal desert, but into a Tepean vale radiant with living fountains. It is not the clank of fetters and the sigh of serfs, but rather the clang of snappy chains and the shout of jubilant freemen. It sends the believer on a march of victory—victory over self and sin and all the wolves of worry; victory over the ferryman of hell, and over the old ferryman of the death-river. Down on the river-bank the believer shouts "victory!" Echo gathers up the psalm, and sends it ringing over the waves—"Victory-tory-ry!" The white-robed victor, on the beach of gold, catch the refrain and join the jubilation, until the river is spanned with a bridge of jubilees—shore answering to shore, psalm to psalm. "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

REVELATION AND INSPIRATION.

BY REV. G. R. PALMER.

It is a mistake to proceed upon the assumption that the divine authority of the Bible depends upon its inspiration. If the province of inspiration is distinctly marked, such a position will appear untenable. Sometimes a given proposition upon the subject indiscriminately teaches that we are to understand by inspiration that the Scriptures are the word of God, and further, that inspiration means that God spoke through men. In substance, then, we are informed that, first, inspiration is equivalent to revelation. Secondly, inspiration relates to the manner of making a revelation. It is obvious that both propositions are not well-founded, and that the last is much nearer the truth than the first. We quote from McClintock's Cyclopaedia: "The Greek expression signifies a divine action on the perceptions." Further, inspiration may be defined "as an extraordinary divine agency upon teachers," etc.

Inspiration, then, is a mode of imparting a revelation. By the evidences of Christianity let the Church be anchored to the solid rock of revelation. What the Bible says, God says, and the tornado cannot drive her from the holding ground.

After men are established here, they may learn all they please about God's methods, trace His footsteps, and think His thoughts after Him. But to say that the Bible is inspired, therefore a revelation from God and of unquestioned authority, reminds one of a quaint old preacher, who said that an author "argued backwards." It is affirmed that the Word has last power over the man that denies its inspiration. Conceded, So, if a man does not believe in Jerusalem or the Holy Land, he is a skeptic, and the Scriptures have no authority over him. He denies what is plainly taught. But it does not follow that the ground of the authority of the Bible depends either upon Jerusalem or inspiration, that is, upon either the place where, or the manner in which, the revelation is made. The ground of its authority is found in something more fundamental than either of these. We must take our stand upon a sound principle. Nicodemus is pushing his head and shoulders into the domain of inspiration. Soon he will urge the question, "How can these things be?" Consistency will require us to respond, "There are many things the manner of which we cannot explain, therefore their claims are not binding." Our Lord did not place Himself upon these shifting sands.

It is well for a parent to balance the mind of a child with reasons, but his authority should not depend upon them. The father shouts to his son on the car track, "Down! quick, my child!" The boy drops in an instant, and an engine dashes over his head, and he rises up and leaps into the arms of a happy parent. One how, or why, in the lad's mouth would have made him a mangled corpse in a moment. We do not even need to know the processes of an infinitely wise God in order to trust Him. If the position is well-taken that inspiration relates to the method that God has chosen to make known His will to man, it will appear to thoughtful students of the subject, that very much of what has been written upon the question of inspiration belongs to the more fundamental subject of revelation.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM LONDON—LIDDON AND FARRAR.

MR. EDITOR: I have had the pleasure of seeing two or three copies of ZION'S HERALD, in my absence from home, and in one I noticed a lengthy criticism on Canon Farrar for his heretical utterance in Westminster Abbey. The article especially interested me, for I happened to be present on that occasion, and am not surprised that so free and bold an utterance from so high a source on so vital a theme should excite remark and discussion. Since the article appeared I had the pleasure of listening to Canon Liddon in St. Paul's cathedral, on a similar theme, and could not but draw a comparison between the two in regard to their method of treating such a topic. As regards delivery and style, the former is the more pleasing and popular of the two. His manner is more sympathetic, and his animated, easy delivery and laudable rhetoric were the expression of undoubted depth and honesty of conviction; and the very first sentence of his discourse showed how deeply he feels the sin and woe of the poor and vicious classes. My respect for his scholarship was not heightened, though he is undoubtedly a gentleman of letters; but on every side of the tremendous question of the future, prejudice of some kind seems to enshroud Christian students. The feeling at the close was—true or not true, is the pulp place for critical disquisitions on this difficult theme? And his example that day greatly deepened a growing conviction that there is a better method of treating such a subject before a promiscuous audience than the critical or controversial. Under this theme is a broad substratum of common truth. In the discourse of Canon Liddon, which I had the good fortune to hear a few weeks after the Abbey discourse, the grand doctrine of St. Paul's was a high, strong appeal to the deepest convictions of men, which made one forget that there ever had been controversies pertaining to the solemn truth that "every man must give an account of himself before God." For this was his text.

Liddon's manner of delivery is hard, compared with his distinguished co-official, but it is, nevertheless, far better than the majority of the Established clergy, for it is strong and business-like, though high-toned. But even his strong voice scarcely reached the outskirts of the great throng. I never heard a discourse that pressed more closely upon the conscience, with its straightforward wisdom, even in the consequence of the moral world. Not one man present, whatever his theological bias, could dispute the truth of his words; and though his little, mettlesome, aristocratic bearing had but little of popular sympathy in it, and a good deal of cloistered, scholarly exclusiveness of character might be suspected, though perhaps uncharitably, yet the unimpaired truth that filled that place of renown can never be called to mind without deep respect; for it was unquestionably God's truth.

The lesson I drew from hearing these two discourses was, that the men, doubtless, full of passion and fire, and as did Canon Liddon that day in the presence of a hundred sculptured memorials of death, "judged not to come! Judgment to come!" For "every man must give an account of himself before God."

WATSON W. SMITH.

FROM MARTHA'S VINEYARD.
MR. EDITOR: I have great respect for officials generally, and those of the Church in particular. But I have long been aware that the holding of such positions does not insure infallibility, nor the greatest degree of wisdom. Even in good men, like fishermen—alive in the department of usefulness in which they may be engaged; and especially like to see Church officials showing to the public through the papers, ever and anon, the progress of the work under their charge, as does the energetic Presiding Elder of the New England district. But in his for the most part—well-written articles on "Martha's Vineyard," in the HERALD of Feb. 14th, I think there are some things unjust and some others untrue. I submit as much as he does the rum-selling and consequent intoxication; but when he claims that the selling of Oak Bluffs "in defiance of law," is "in consequence of the neglect of the local authorities," and the amazing stupidity of the inhabitants, "I answer that 'the local authorities' are at all times ready to hear and to act upon duly-made complaints; that the chief sellers are strangers; that until last year the most of the police force have been strangers; and that if, as some one has alleged, the police are the most responsible for entering complaints against offenders, and that it is the right of any one who knows of the violation of law to do so, these do not make the case, nor indeed the chief, charge upon the local authorities and the amazing stupidity of the inhabitants." While, as one of the most temperate communities in the State, we have been cursed by rum-sellers from abroad. While talk is a good thing in its place, it is cheap; doing is better. If those who talk most, would do more, it would be better for the cause of temperance.

If the talented and Christian ladies who held their temperance convention in Oak Bluffs last summer, and who talked so eloquently and well, had but followed the example of their Western sisters by visiting the dealers in the poison, and urging them to stop selling, it would have done ten times the good that was accomplished by all their excellent addresses and speeches. As to the "devout Bishop" who was preaching, viz., "thousands," there may have been so many for anything that I know, but it strikes one as being a little bit of hyperbole, although doubtless the selling and drinking were on a large scale. The idea that "it would be as great of wisdom to take down the church at Edgartown" and build one in that village on Sabbath evening. They thought the address was very unbecoming the day which is full evidence that it was eminently proper and practical.

Through the efforts of Rev. S. F. Strout, of Elliot, the old Scotland part of his charge, which for some time has been without regular service, has been considerably increased. Brother Strout preaches there every other Sabbath half the day.

The union meetings between the Baptists and Friends at North Berwick have resulted in the greatest revival ever known in that village. Nearly one hundred have been converted, among whom are most of the business men of the village.

Rev. W. P. Merrill, of Maryland Ridge, has been holding a series of revival meetings with good results, and the people are encouraged to look for a rich spiritual harvest. Portland, Me., March 1.

A MEMBER.

FROM REV. E. DAVIES.
Rev. L. R. Dunn, in a recent number of the HERALD, has struck a number of vital points on the topic of "Too many ministers and too many Churches." I can say "Amen" to nearly all that Brother D. has said. It is a sad thing to find a man obey "the powers that be," and then send him and his family where there is but a small promise for their temporal support.

I find, as a whole, that our people are willing to support the minister as well as they can, and some of our people are dividing with the ministers up to the last dollar. Still, of course, there are exceptions. Some of our well-to-do families have cultivated the art of accumulation to such perfection, that they are not in the habit of giving according to their ability. As a whole, however, our people are doing well.

1. We have too many petty stations. As a result, the finances become involved, the generous-hearted overdo, the stingy grow sour and backside, the outsiders become disgusted, and the work of God is terribly hampered.

2. Another result is, the Church is misinterpreted to death. The pastor must preach and superintend the Sabbath-school, lead the prayer-meetings and class-meetings, and do about all the work; and the Church sits and looks on, and grows formal and cold. One good minister is able to preach to two or three such Churches; and leave them to take care of themselves in Sunday-school and prayer-meeting; ride a few miles to preach to another Church in the afternoon, and, if need be, preach in another place in the evening. John Wesley would never have lived till he was 85, if he had been shut up on one of these petty stations. I know two small Churches in New England, not two miles apart, that are struggling to sustain a minister at each place, and are almost dying in the effort. Let them unite.

3. Another consequence is, as every little station has its own minister, and every minister is in a way, a local minister, there are many out-of-the-way places that are not cared for—many places where they are starving for the "bread of life." O ye ministers of the Lord Jesus, will you suffer these blood-bought sheep to perish among the mountains, because your people monopolize your services? "The world is my parish," said our founder, John Wesley; and a greater than he has said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." We are not worthy of the name of Wesley, or of Christ, if we have not the real missionary zeal that will push us out into "all the regions beyond."

NOTES FROM MAINE.

A State Temperance Alliance was formed in Portland on Wednesday, Feb. 25th. The temperance workers of the State were well represented, and evinced considerable enthusiasm. The only diversity of opinion which developed itself in the meeting, was over a motion to strike out, "as a beverage," in the pledge of the constitution. Some had no place on the face of the earth, or the vile stuff called alcohol; others thought perhaps it was needed as a medicine and for mechanical purposes, and the clause was retained. The personnel of the meeting showed that the Methodist ministers and laymen were absent of the times in the temperance work. Addresses were made by Gen. H. Hill, Esq., of Bangor; J. N. Stearns, of New York; Rev. Mr. Miner, Rev. W. S. Jones, Rev. Dr. W. L. Lachure, and J. K. Osgood, the father of the reform movement.

The Alliance was offered by Ex-Gov. Dingley as president, F. G. Rich, secretary, N. E. Gould, treasurer, and a large and influential board of directors and executive committee representing the different parts of the State, giving promise of efficiency in the working of the new society. And Camp-meeting John Allen came also; for no public meeting is complete without him. There was one man in the meeting who had never heard of him, for whose benefit Brother Allen made one of his characteristic speeches. The able address of President Dingley, showing the rapid progress made in the temperance reform, was very encouraging, and the marked improvement in Maine beyond other States was a source of great satisfaction. It was stated in the meeting, and the statement was unchallenged, that there was not an open bar in the whole State of Maine. Long may the statement be true!

The brethren on the West Baldwin half are building a chapel on the hill about half way between West Baldwin village and the North Church, where two years ago this winter they had a revival and formed a church. They expect the chapel will be ready for dedication about the middle of May. Brother Lord preached a strong missionary sermon one week ago last Sabbath and took the collection.

The F. W. Baptist Church at Gray Corner is having a very excellent revival, and the work is spreading through the village into the other Churches.

Rev. J. C. Perry has received twenty-five converts, as the fruit of the recent revival in his charge. Through the influence of Rev. B. N. Stone, who left the Congregational ministry last spring and commenced preaching the Swedenborgian doctrine in Fryeburg, a New Church society was organized last Sabbath of about fifty members. About one-third of these were converts from the Congregational Church. They went over from the Methodist Church. This new society talks of building a church this spring.

The City Hall, Portland, was crowded last Sabbath at the revival meetings. Mr. Needham holds the meetings this week in the First Baptist Church.

The quarterly meeting of the W. F. M. Societies of Portland, met on Tuesday with the Congress Street Methodist Church, Mrs. J. B. Donnell, president of the Chestnut Street auxiliary, presiding. The business session was interspersed with readings and singing, and was interesting. The ladies of these auxiliaries show commendable zeal in their work.

A man seeking plunder, entered the house of Rev. Brother Hillman, of Cape Porpoise, last week, but of course he was not greatly enriched thereby.

Rev. O. M. Cousins has been stirring up the rum-sellers and tipplers in North Conway by a temperance address delivered in that village on Sabbath evening. They thought the address was very unbecoming the day which is full evidence that it was eminently proper and practical.

Through the efforts of Rev. S. F. Strout, of Elliot, the old Scotland part of his charge, which for some time has been without regular service, has been considerably increased. Brother Strout preaches there every other Sabbath half the day.

The union meetings between the Baptists and Friends at North Berwick have resulted in the greatest revival ever known in that village. Nearly one hundred have been converted, among whom are most of the business men of the village.

A MEMBER.

consequence (we have a local option law); next, we organized a club, and many of the worst drunkards in town were reclaimed. Then we induced the selectmen to offer a reward of five dollars for testimony that would secure the conviction of any one for the crime of selling rum. Before this reward was offered, we began persecutions, and have just carried a batch of cases through the Superior Court and won every case. The rum-sellers of Williamette are terrified.

But best of all, we have a revival of "pure and undefiled" religion still in progress, in which about one hundred have already been seeking Jesus. Over fifty have been reclaimed on probation, and others are ready to join soon. Infidels, drunkards, and even one Chinaman, were among those who came and were saved. The Church has done grandly, and is a power for good. Sister Clark aided us part of the time in our revival work, and did nobly. Brother Montgomery gave us two sermons, and won many friends.

Rev. J. F. Sheffield, writing from East Hampton, says: "The readers of the HERALD will be interested to learn that Dr. Foss preached one of his powerful sermons Sunday, Feb. 17, which produced a profound impression. A revival is in progress of great interest, reaching some of the best thinkers of the college, and some who especially need religion. Meetings are held every night."

NORWICH DISTRICT.

The ministers of Norwich district held their first meeting for the Conference year at Portland, Feb. 11-13. This was the first meeting of the Association at Portland. The brethren were heartily received, and all the meetings were attended by large and interested audiences.

There was quite a large attendance of the brethren of the district, and with a single exception, every assignment of the programme was filled. Several brethren were kept away from the meeting by revivals in their charges. Presiding Elder J. Mather presided, and added to the interest of the meeting by participating in the discussion of several questions. D. L. Brown was chosen secretary.

Monday evening Brother Nutting delivered an able sermon from 1 Cor. xiii, 12: "For now we see through a glass darkly;" showing that in this life we get but glimpses of the nature and reason of things; that we can see but two or three questions concerning anything, before the wisest are compelled to confess they do not know. This is true in God's government of men, as well as in nature. We can be reconciled to the sternest workings of God's providence only by a firm faith in His fatherhood.

Dr. Church preached on Tuesday evening from Acts xiii, 30: "And the times of this ignorance God winked at, etc." By the analogies of nature, he showed that God rules by law, and that the violation of law is followed by penalty. It is a fearful thing to violate natural law, it is not less so to violate moral law. The sermon was strong in argument and forcible in illustration.

A discriminating review of Townsend's "Lost Forever" was read by S. J. Carroll, commendatory of the book in the main, but criticizing the author's treatment of his subject in several particulars.

Essays were read by Brothers Kirby on the Sabbath, Povey on Expository Preaching, and Smith on Women's Work in their home Churches. Brother Jones sent an essay on this last subject, which was read by Brother Ellis. These essays, as well as the sermons, were followed by criticisms and discussions.

From reports of the brethren and of the Presiding Elder for brethren not present, it is evident that the district is enjoying a good degree of religious prosperity. From several charges extensive revivals are reported, while nearly every charge has been blessed with some conversions.

This was one of the best meetings of the association, the interest increasing till the close of the last session.

Our Book Table.

D. Appleton & Company publish HISTORY OF OPINIONS ON THE DOCTRINE OF RETRIBUTION, by Edward Beecher, D. D. 12mo, 324 pp., price \$1.50. The renewed and vigorous discussion of the doctrine of retribution, has awakened a demand for all the literature bearing upon the theme. Several years ago, Dr. Edward Beecher published in the Christian Union a series of papers, giving the views of thoughtful men, from Christ's time down to the present, upon this question of future punishment. Indeed, he anticipated Christ's day by gathering the teaching of the Jews in the Maccabean ages, and the probable origin of them; the views of the patriarchs and the psalmists, and the opinions of the Jews in Christ's time. He presents also in this work the theories of the Christian fathers, and discusses the force of the term *metempsychosis*. He gives the views of the various ancient and modern schools of theology, and presents a full history of the dogma of universal restoration, summing up with an attempted estimate of the effect of the present investigation and discussion upon the piety and fellowship of the Churches.

The book is ably written, valuable for reference, although it does not contain very far towards settling this most voluminous of all questions. Its true answer is not involved in the possible interpretation of words. There are certain intuitive truths, certain great lines of moral causes and consequences, certain established facts of human nature, that give the true interpretation to these words, rather than their occasional common use among the Greek-speaking people. The volume will command, at this time, a wide audience, as it covers the chief aspects of the great question now in debate.

Dr. Townsend's *Lost Forever* will be a good volume to follow it.

That accomplished son of "Wesleyan," and admirable elocutionist, Robert McLain Cunnock, A. M., Professor of Rhetoric and Elocution in Northwestern University, has just brought out, through the press of Janney, McClurg & Co., a volume of CHOICE READINGS FOR PUBLIC AND PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENTS, arranged, also, for School, College, and Public Readers. These selections, made in excellent taste, arranged under a variety of topics and groups, introduced by directions and lessons in the various forms of elocution, will afford an admirable manual for amateur public readers, and become one of the best of text-books for the higher classes in academies. It makes a duodecimo of 426 pp., and is sold for \$1.75. Lockwood, Brooks & Co. have it for sale in Boston.

It is a comfort, in these days, to fall upon a really learned treatise, on the orthodox side, upon topics in discussion, which have been wrested by hostile criticism and forced into liminal relations to revealed truth. Such a valuable work we have in THE ORIGIN OF NATIONS; in Two Parts—On Early Civilizations and On Ethnic Affinities—by George R. Livinston, A. M., Professor of Ancient History, Oxford, England. The author of the "Four Great Monarchs," in this treatise, shows that the highest science

of the present hour upon the question of the origin of nations, gives no support to the theory of original savagism, but tends to confirm the records of the Pentateuch. The traditions, histories, languages, and monuments of all the earliest nations are carefully considered, and the result of the inquiry is admirably summed up. It is an excellent volume for the present hour, very happily meeting one of the most familiar forms of attack, especially upon the Old Testament Scriptures. The volume is a large 16mo of 272 pp., with maps, published by Scribner, Welford & Armstrong, and for sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard. Price \$1.50.

EVENINGS IN THE LIBRARY: Bits of Gossip about Books, and Those who Write Them, by George Stewart, Jr. Belford Brothers, Toronto. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co. 16mo, 254 pp., price \$1.50. The chapters of this quite entertaining little volume were first published in a provincial magazine. They embody what might be considered an intelligent conversation between a cultivated reader and his two bright and quite well-read nephews. They discuss together Carlyle, Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Howells and Aldrich. The talks are both about the books and their authors. They are sensible, anecdotal, critical, and generally happy in their estimate of the men and their works; altogether making a pleasant little volume.

We have examined, with pleasure, THE ACCOUNTANT FOR PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND ACADEMIES, by M. R. Powers, M. A. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co. Price \$1.25. It seems to be a complete introduction to the art of single and double entry in book-keeping, and to the various forms of business computation, and commercial transactions. To mercantile classes it meets just the requirements of the training that is sought in their behalf.

We find on our table THE SEVEN GOLDEN CANDLES: or, The Fulfillment of the Prophet in Epistles of Christ to the Seven Churches, by Henry F. Hill. Boston: Millennial Association. 12mo, 306 pp. The volume is not so much a daring plunge into the future, as it is a somewhat skillful effort to divide the period since John's vision in Patmos and the present, into seven eras, as meeting the various prophecies bearing the names of the seven then existing Churches of Asia Minor. The writer esteems the figurative prophecy to be Christ's concise history of His Church in the earth. We are now in the epistle to Laodicea, the era commencing in 1798, and are approaching the hour of the second coming of the Lord to judgment. It is difficult to read history through unfulfilled prophecy; and this eminently sincere, devout, and able little volume shows how easy it is to mistake prophecy read backward through history!

The numbers of the Living Age for the weeks ending February 23rd and March 21st have the following noteworthy contents: A French Church, by G. de Maistre; Arnold, Quarterly Review; Natural Religion, part IX., Macmillan; An Oxford Lecture, by John Raskin, Nineteenth Century; March of an English Generation through Life, Quarterly; French Home Life, Blackwood; Music of Dare, by William Clark, and Gleanings by Matthew; Mrs. Oliphant, both from advance sheets; the Great Fourfold Waterfall, Fraser; Doctor Lavardin, a sketch, Macmillan; Shakespeare in France, Nineteenth Century; Erica, translated from the German of Frau von Ingersleben; Pleasant People, Saturday Review; Antoine Cesar Becquerel, Nature; the Cruelty of Pecuniary Crime, Spectator; Walking in Winter, Pall Mall Gazette; The Emotions due to Christmas Bills, Spectator. The back numbers containing the first instalments of "Erica," and a story by Miss Thackeray, are still sent gratis to new subscribers for 1878. Little & Gay, Boston, are the publishers.

The March number of the Magazine of American History (A. S. Barnes & Co.) is issued. The leader in the interesting account, by O. H. Marshall, of Buffalo, of the Colorado expedition to the Ohio in 1749, illustrated by a map of his itinerary. The next article is a sketch from the pen of Hon. John R. Bartlett, of Providence, of "The Four Kings of Canada," the chiefs of the Six Nations, who visited the Court of Queen Anne, under the conduct of C. J. Williams, of Maryland. The book is illustrated by engraving reduced from the original portraits of the Sachems in the collection of the late John Carter Brown. James Carson Brevoort closes the historical branch of this monthly by a critical investigation of the question, "Where are the remains of Columbus?"

Where are the remains of Columbus? The bear of the Canadian Rockies, by R. B. Bennett, whose interesting diary of the Canadian campaign of 1875 appeared last year in the magazine.

The original documents are a series of letters written to Cornelius Ten Broeck, of Rocky Hill, New Jersey, by his sons in the Revolutionary army, entitled "The Letters from the Sons of the Revolution." The reprint is a narrative of Lieut. Luke Mathewman, of the Revolutionary navy, whose career was full of incident. The Notes and Queries, and the usual Literary Notices complete this varied number.

THE SCIENTIFIC AND RELIGIOUS DISCOVERIES IN THE GREAT PYRAMID, recently made by Prof. Piazzi Smyth and Others. Compiled by Wm. H. Wilson. Chicago: R. H. Revell. This prettily-published tract, of 64 pages, should be entitled rather speculatively than descriptively, "Remarks on the singular relations to the cardinal points of the compass, and significant symbols, have been found within this artificial and mysterious mountain; but that all the leading events of sacred history, all the elements

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Sunday, March 24.

Lesson XIII. 2 Chron. xxxiii, 9-16.

BY REV. W. B. HUNTINGTON.

MANASSEH BROUGHT TO REPENTANCE.

One of the facts which is a stumbling block to the world, and yet is one of the first truths of salvation, is, that a "broken and contrite heart" is the most acceptable offering that can be made to God. To a superficial mind, repentance looks like weakness. The self-sufficient man of the world would count it unmanly to confess his weaknesses, acknowledge himself a sinner, and bow humbly as a penitent. This way of entering into the kingdom of faith looks to him like foolishness. And yet, to this end the sublimest facts of redemption point. Before the great Preacher himself entered upon the ministry of reconciliation, a voice crying in the wilderness began to sound this message of repentance with telling earnestness. Then the invitations, the entreaties, the warnings, the tears, the groans, the drops of sweat and of blood upon the sacred brow, the dying love of Jesus the Mediator, all crowd their urgent meaning into the doctrine of repentance. If there is no penitence, what becomes of all the superior doctrines taught by Christ? Of what avail are all the lofty precepts which are to enter into the new life of the human soul, if that life is never begun? How can any structure rise without foundations?

So repentance, with its ashes and tears, its laceration of a past life, its ruin which lie at the end of long years perhaps, — this repentance is the straight gate through which alone the soul of an inquiring mortal can pass up toward God. It is the way of the Old Testament and of the New. It was necessary for sinning Manasseh! It is the one thing needful for sinners of to-day. The unchanging fact that goes on with our fallen race is that repentance alone will bring forgiveness, peace, light, life.

EXPOSITORY.

Manasseh came to the throne of Judah at twelve years of age, and held the sovereignty longer than any other king in David's line — fifty-five years. His accession brought in the very worst period of national apostasy that had yet transpired. As he was but a boy, it is to be easily inferred that there must have been a powerful idolatrous party which had been kept under during Hezekiah's rule, and which came forward with vigorous measures at this time. The priests and prophets became licentious drunkards. Babylonian abominations were introduced not only into the Holy City, but were even thrust into the temple courts. Moloch was worshiped, and the king's sons were dedicated to this cruel god. Baal and Ashtoroth worship took the place of the temple ritual. Every idolatrous faith was practiced or tolerated; the true religion was abandoned and proscribed. The ark of the covenant was removed, the sacred books were utterly destroyed, and a tradition tells us that Manasseh ordered even the name of Jehovah to be erased from all documents and inscriptions. We can only imagine the persecutions which the faithful must have had to endure. Isaiah, who lived probably to see the beginning of this deplorable day, fell, it is thought, a martyr under the cruel axe of Manasseh.

The king's policy was thoroughly heathenish. He had introduced such corrupting rites that Judah was worse than the nations which had never known the true faith. A backsliding man or people may reach lower depths of degradation than is possible to the worst pagan.

The Lord spoke; but deaf ears and stony hearts gave no heed. No doubt there were many faithful souls who protested against the wrongs and iniquities of this dark age. Voices of God might have been heard behind the display and loud, coarse mockery of false worship; but they would not reach the seared consciences of the recreant people.

Therefore, Jehovah spoke louder. If the warnings and prayers of an Isaiah, and of such as he, would not avail, a more terrible voice would now be uttered. The king of Assyria was Esarhaddon. To retrieve the broken fortunes of his predecessor, he sent armies across the Euphrates to regain the tributary provinces which Sennacherib had lost. Judah was overrun by troops; the capital was probably taken, and the king himself, caught in some thicket used as a hiding place, was taken captive and carried to Babylon, one of the dependent cities belonging to Assyria. Later accounts say that he was thrown into prison and fed upon bread and water mixed with vinegar; that he was afterwards condemned to be encased in a brazen image, but he repented and prayed, and the image glared asunder and he escaped. The Biblical account tells of his affliction, and that the distress to which he was reduced made him penitent. His captivity brought him to his right mind, showed him how impotent false gods were to assist him, and he remembered the God of his faithful father, and prayed for deliverance in great humility. If his humiliation was in proportion to his past sins, he must have gone very low in the dust. God heard and answered his supplications. The divine mercy does not ask whether the sins of the penitent are too great to be forgiven, but does the sinner heartily repent? All things are possible to God's forgiveness that a penitent soul can confess. After an exile of two years, Manasseh was restored to his kingdom. Doubtless the Assyrian king had some political motive in releasing his royal captive; perhaps that

he might have the kingdom of Judah as a barrier between his own dominion and Egypt.

After this experience Manasseh was no longer a disbeliever in Jehovah. He knew that Jehovah, and not any idol he had set up, was God. And yet it is doubted by some whether Manasseh was thoroughly converted. Kell thinks "the facts do not prove a thorough conversion, much less that he made amendments for his sin by repentance and improvement, but merely attest the restoration of Jehovah-worship in the temple." He set about the work of strengthening his defenses. He built a wall on the west side of the valley of Gihon, extending it to the northeast corner of the wall of Zion in a northerly direction. This was the quarter from which the temple would be most easily assailed. He also built up Ophel — "the mound or eminence on the southeastern slope of the temple mount, a ridge lying between the valleys Kedron and Tyropoeon, called the lower city." In all the fortified cities he placed additional troops under captains. He also cast out the heathen altars and idols which he had lately been instrumental in building in temple and city. But we must conclude that this was scarcely more than a formal reformation. The ark was not restored to its place. The book of the Law of Jehovah remained in concealment. Notwithstanding the partial restoration of the true religion, the people did sacrifice to Jehovah in the "high places," showing that there was not a complete return to the simple rites of the fathers, but heathen ceremonies were used in the Jehovah-worship. The king commanded the people to serve God. How much better for people and ruler if he had set an example of sincere penitence and thorough reform. As it was, the heart of the kingdom was still corrupt, and the habits of worship practically unchanged. Faith was dying out. The close of Manasseh's reign was scarcely better than its beginning. He did not have the burial of a king at his death, and long afterwards, in spite of his repentance, "the Jews held his name in abhorrence, as one of the three kings who had no part in eternal life."

PRACTICAL.

1. Troubles and pains may be remedied, if they bring the soul back to God; if they do not purify, they will certainly harden.

2. A shallow repentance is no repentance; it must go to the deepest guilt, to the last secret sin, or the soul cannot be sound.

3. There cannot be many altars for the soul: One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one altar of worship.

LESSONS FOR YOUNGER CLASSES.

BY HELEN CHASE STEELE.

MANASSEH BROUGHT TO REPENTANCE.

Hezekiah's little boy was not good like his father. It was a great pity, because he was only twelve years old when his father died, and he took his seat on the throne.

When he grew older, he built up all the altars that his father had taken so much pains to pull down. He even put them in the courts of the Temple, and set a carved image in the Temple itself for the people to worship. He burned his little children in the fire, to please one of his idol gods. He believed in spirits and witches, and prayed to the sun, moon, and stars, instead of praying to God.

Although he was so sinful, and made his people more wicked than all the heathen who lived round about them, God was very patient with him, and spoke to him, urging him to repent; but Manasseh would not listen to his gentle voice.

God loved Manasseh, and loved the Jews. He knew how much happier they would be if they served Him. So, because He loved them, He sent a great trouble upon them; He let the soldiers from Assyria come against them once more, conquer them, and carry Manasseh, bound with chains, to their great city Babylon.

And there, in the midst of pain and sorrow, Manasseh thought of God, and remembered how he had neglected Him. He repented, and very humbly prayed to be forgiven. The good Lord is always ready to forgive us. He freely forgave Manasseh, and brought him back to Jerusalem again.

Then Manasseh took the carved image away from the Temple, and the altars from the courts. He offered peace and thank-offerings to the true God, and told his people that they must not worship idols any longer.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten; but zealous, therefore, and repent." — Rev. iii, 19.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. What was the name of Hezekiah's little boy?
2. Was he like his father?
3. How old was he, when he came to the throne?
4. What did he build?
5. What did he put in the Temple?
6. What did he do to please one of his idol gods?
7. In what did he believe?
8. To what did he pray?
9. Did he repent when God spoke to him?
10. What trouble did God send upon him?
11. When did Manasseh remember God?
12. For what did he pray?
13. Was God ready to forgive him?

14. Is God always ready to forgive us?

Ans. The Bible says, "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." 1 John i, 9.

15. When Manasseh returned to Jerusalem, what did he do?

He tore down the altars, and pulled down the carved image, and brake the graven images, and brake the high places, and brake the pillars, and brake the molten images, and brake the incense altars, and brake the altars of Baal, and brake the altars of Ashtoroth, and brake the altars of Moloch, and brake the altars of all the idols which his father had made.

16. What did he tell his people?

He told them that they must serve the true God, and that they must not worship idols any longer.

WEEK-DAY THOUGHT.

When we do wrong, we ought to repent.

"REPENT YE."

It was Sunday afternoon. Ned Mills had just come home from Sunday-school, and was lying on his back before the wood fire in the sitting-room. His arms thrown back over his head, his eyes fixed on the ceiling. What was he thinking about?

So his mother thought, as she lay on the lounge at the other side of the room.

Father and Mary had gone to meeting. Mrs. Mills had stayed at home with a severe headache; and Ned — the truth was, Ned did not like "meeting" very much. It was "so awfully solemn," he said.

"Mother," said he at last, "right over our class in Sunday-school is a motto — 'Repent ye,' in big letters. What does repent mean, anyway?"

"I think you know, Ned, don't you?"

"Well, I s'pose it means to be sorry when you've done anything wrong; to tell a lie, or stole a watermelon."

"Yes," said his mother. "You see she knew all about Ned. She said nothing more, but waited for him to go on."

"Well, I don't see through it," said he at length.

"Why not?"

"I'll tell you. Don't you remember how Jimmy Foster and I looked one of old Simpson's watermelons last summer?"

"And you know how father made me go round and tell him I was sorry, and all that; but the watermelon was gone; we'd eaten that up, long before. Now I want to know what good it did to say I was sorry."

Now his mother's head ached badly all this time; but Ned, careless boy, never thought of it; and she, good woman, did not remind him.

"Ned, do you remember when Davy Jones took the mince turnover from your dinner-basket at school?"

"Jegness I do! Wasn't I mad, though? I tell you, sir, I'd have given it to him, sir, if —"

"If what, Ned?"

"Well," said Ned, less excitedly; "if he hadn't come round and said he was awful sorry, and how he was hungry, and never'd stolen a mince turnover in all his life."

"But what good did that do? Your turnover was all gone."

"That's so!" said Ned, soberly. "But you see, I didn't know he was hungry, and he looked so sorry, I couldn't help pitying him; so I told him it was no matter, I didn't care, and he needn't."

Ned was not used to arguing, and he fell right into the trap his mother had set for him.

"That was just the good it did! Farmer Simpson to have you tell him you were sorry for stealing his watermelon. He pitied you so much, that he did not care about the watermelon any longer."

"H'm!" said Ned, thoughtfully. "I s'pose that's the way God feels, ain't it, mother?"

"Exactly, Ned."

"But, mother!"

"Well, Ned? "

"They know they don't sin because they know they can repent afterwards, ought they?"

"Of course not."

"Because God would not be so willing to forgive them, would he?"

was called to Pesh, Hungary, by the illness of his wife, and found that from that point he could maintain communication with all the mission. He subsequently retired to Vienna, whence he could maintain the same supervision, by correspondence, of the field. It being practicable, however, to do his work from the United States, he was directed to return to this country for the present. The native congregations are maintained, and in some cases considerably increased by the attendance of refugees from beyond the Balkan Mountains.

Rev. J. E. Scott, of the North India Conference, was married to Miss Emma Moore, of Wheeling, West Va., in the city of Bombay, at Dead Lane Hall, by Rev. Isaac F. R.W. Their house is at Satepore, India.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

WHITE MOUNTAIN MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.

This association met at Lisbon according to call. In the absence of President Elder Adams, Rev. John Currier was chosen president, and Rev. L. W. Prescott, secretary. Brother Granger, of Littleton, preached the first evening, and the second evening the association was invited to an antiquarian supper in the town hall, given under the supervision of the pastor, Brother Copp, and the Church.

Brother Winslow, of Lyman, read a review of Binney's Compend, and essays were read by the following ministers: Rev. J. Crowley, on Love-Faith; Rev. J. Currier, on the Observance of the Sabbath. Sermons were read by Rev. Brothers Winslow and W. Dockrill. After a sketch by L. W. Prescott, on the subject of Home Missions, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, 1. That we realize the need of sustaining the preaching of the Gospel to every creature, whether in the heathen or Christian lands.

2. That we think a strenuous effort ought to be made to group the weak or unoccupied places into circuits, and men appointed to work them.

3. That a Home Missionary Society ought to be formed in connection with the New Hampshire Conference, especially to aid such places as those named in the second resolution.

4. A McLaughlin gave a specimen Bible reading on Future Eternal Punishment, and Rev. J. Currier gave an account of early Methodism in Vermont and New Hampshire.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted: —

Resolved, That we, the members of the White Mountain Ministerial Association, assembled at Lisbon, have heard of the bereavement of our beloved brother and friend, Elder J. W. Adams, in the death of his little child, with much sorrow, and we desire to assure him that in this sad hour he has our deepest sympathy.

L. W. PRESCOTT, Secretary.

VERMONT.

Holland and Morgan charge is in the midst of a gracious revival. Twenty-five, or more, have been converted. Sunday (March 3) Brother J. Leavitt baptized sixteen persons — two infants and fourteen adults.

Brother R. P. Ritty is also cheered at Morgan Centre by a good work. Eight or ten have been saved within a few weeks.

At Newport, also, several have given themselves to the Lord within a short time. Brother O. D. Clapp is pastor.

Brother A. L. Cooper spent two or three days at Montpelier, assisting the pastor in the work there. We have not heard definitely in regard to the progress of the work at the capital.

Sister Howard, wife of Brother W. B. Howard, of Highgate, has entered into rest. She has been a great sufferer for months, and last Thursday night her Lord said, "It is enough, child, come home." She was a woman of rare gifts, and was thoroughly devoted, with her husband, to their chosen life-work. Several children, occupying posts of honor and usefulness, remain to bless her memory. We commend all to the mighty grace of God, which is able to save and to keep.

THE CONTAGIOUSNESS OF DIPHTHERIA.

A striking case of the communication of this disease is reported in the London medical journals: "A few weeks ago the children of Mr. Lawrence, of the Bridgewater Hotel, Epsom, were at Duddleston, and being thirsty a glass of water was procured from a cottage, where, it subsequently appeared, a child was suffering from diphtheria, and one or more of the children drank of it. Since then they have all been fatally attacked with the disease, and finally the sixth and last surviving child succumbed to it. The hotel has since been closed, and thoroughly cleansed and disinfected."

TEMPERANCE.

A few weeks ago the Woman's Christian Temperance Union sent out to the clergy-men of Massachusetts the following circular, with a petition for signatures: —

Dear Sir, — The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Massachusetts, believing the liquor traffic to be the deadly enemy of the Christian Church, have petitioned the Legislature of this State to repeal the law which gives that traffic legal existence. We believe that in taking this step we have the hearty support of nearly all the clergy of Massachusetts. We wish, however, to be able to support this petition with tangible and indisputable evidence. We have therefore forwarded to each clergyman in the State a copy of a petition for the repeal of the License Law and the enactment of a Prohibitory Law. If you are willing to make this request of the legislature, will you please sign the petition printed upon the enclosed postal card, and return it to this office as soon as possible, that it may be presented, with others, to the legislature at an early day.

Yours truly,

Mrs. L. B. BARRETT, Sec'y C. T. Union of Massachusetts.

Seven hundred and forty-three clergymen have responded, and forwarded the petition with their signatures. These petitions were presented to the legislature last week with the following letter: —

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives: —

Accompanying, I forward to the legislature the petition of seven hundred and forty-three clergymen of Massachusetts, asking the repeal of the License Law and the enactment of a Prohibitory Law.

They include Rev. Dr. Gordon, of Boston, and 210 other Baptist clergymen; Rev. Dr. Wilbur, of Boston, and 263 other Congregational clergymen; Rev. Dr. Wm. R. Clark, of Boston, and 151 other Methodist clergymen; Rev. Dr. A. A. Miner, of Boston, and 37 other Universalist clergymen; Rev. Chas. T. Canfield, of Boston, and 43 other Unitarian clergymen; and Rev. George J. Prescott, of Boston, and seven other Episcopal clergymen.

(Signed) Mrs. L. B. BARRETT, Secretary W. C. T. U.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

March 12, 1878.

Flour — Superfine, \$4.25; 4.50; extra, \$4.75; 5.00; 5.25; 5.50; 6.00; 6.25; 6.50; 6.75; 7.00; 7.25; 7.50; 7.75; 8.00; 8.25; 8.50; 8.75; 9.00; 9.25; 9.50; 9.75; 10.00; 10.25; 10.50; 10.75; 11.00; 11.25; 11.50; 11.75; 12.00; 12.25; 12.50; 12.75; 13.00; 13.25; 13.50; 13.75; 14.00; 14.25; 14.50; 14.75; 15.00; 15.25; 15.50; 15.75; 16.00; 16.25; 16.50; 16.75; 17.00; 17.25; 17.50; 17.75; 18.00; 18.25; 18.50; 18.75; 19.00; 19.25; 19.50; 19.75; 20.00; 20.25; 20.50; 20.75; 21.00; 21.25; 21.50; 21.75; 22.00; 22.25; 22.50; 22.75; 23.00; 23.25; 23.50; 23.75; 24.00; 24.25; 24.50; 24.75; 25.00; 25.25; 25.50; 25.75; 26.00; 26.25; 26.50; 26.75; 27.00; 27.25; 27.50; 27.75; 28.00; 28.25; 28.50; 28.75; 29.00; 29.25; 29.50; 29.75; 30.00; 30.25; 30.50; 30.75; 31.00; 31.25; 31.50; 31.75; 32.00; 32.25; 32.50; 32.75; 33.00; 33.25; 33.50; 33.75; 34.00; 34.25; 34.50; 34.75; 35.00; 35.25; 35.50; 35.75; 36.00; 36.25; 36.50; 36.75; 37.00; 37.25; 37.50; 37.75; 38.00; 38.25; 38.50; 38.75; 39.00; 39.25; 39.50; 39.75; 40.00; 40.25; 40.50; 40.75; 41.00; 41.25; 41.50; 41.75; 42.00; 42.25; 42.50; 42.75; 43.00; 43.25; 43.50; 43.75; 44.00; 44.25; 44.50; 44.75; 45.00; 45.25; 45.50; 45.75; 46.00; 46.25; 46.50; 46.75; 47.00; 47.25; 47.50; 47.75; 48.00; 48.25; 48.50; 48.75; 49.00; 49.25; 49.50; 49.75; 50.00; 50.25; 50.50; 50.75; 51.00; 51.25; 51.50; 51.75; 52.00; 52.25; 52.50; 52.75; 53.00; 53.25; 53.50; 53.75; 54.00; 54.25; 54.50; 54.75; 55.00; 55.25; 55.50; 55.75; 56.00; 56.25; 56.50; 56.75; 57.00; 57.25; 57.50; 57.75; 58.00; 58.25; 58.50; 58.75; 59.00; 59.25; 59.50; 59.75; 60.00; 60.25; 60.50; 60.75; 61.00; 61.25; 61.50; 61.75; 62.00; 62.25; 62.50; 62.75; 63.00; 63.25; 63.50; 63.75; 64.00; 64.25; 64.50; 64.75; 65.00; 65.25; 65.50; 65.75; 66.00; 66.25; 66.50; 66.75; 67.00; 67.25; 67.50; 67.75; 68.00; 68.25; 68.50; 68.75; 69.00; 69.25; 69.50; 69.75; 70.00; 70.25; 70.50; 70.75; 71.00; 71.25; 71.50; 71.75; 72.00; 72.25; 72.50; 72.75; 73.00; 73.25; 73.50; 73.75; 74.00; 74.25; 74.50; 74.75; 75.00; 75.25; 75.50; 75.75; 76.00; 76.25; 76.50; 76.75; 77.00; 77.25; 77.50; 77.75; 78.00; 78.25; 78.50; 78.75; 79.00; 79.25; 79.50; 79.75; 80.00; 80.25; 80.50; 80.75; 81.00; 81.25; 81.50; 81.75; 82.00; 82.25; 82.50; 82.75; 83.00; 83.25; 83.50; 83.75; 84.00; 84.25; 84.50; 84.75; 85.00; 85.25; 85.50; 85.75; 86.00; 86.25; 86.50; 86.75; 87.00; 87.25; 87.50; 87.75; 88.00; 88.25; 88.50; 88.75; 89.00; 89.25; 89.50; 89.75; 90.00; 90.25; 90.50; 90.75; 91.00; 91.25; 91.50; 91.75; 92.00; 92.25; 92.50; 92.75; 93.00; 93.25; 93.50; 93.75; 94.00; 94.25; 94.50; 94.75; 95.00; 95.25; 95.50; 95.75; 96.00; 96.25; 96.50; 96.75; 97.00; 97.25; 97.50; 97.75; 98.00; 98.25; 98.50; 98.75; 99.00; 99.25; 99.50; 99.75; 100.00; 100.25; 100.50; 100.75; 101.00; 101.25; 101.50; 101.75; 102.00; 102.25; 102.50; 102.75; 103.00; 103.25; 103.50; 103.75; 104.00; 104.25; 104.50; 104.75; 105.00; 105.25; 105.50; 105.75; 106.00; 106.25; 106.50; 106.75; 107.00; 107.25; 107.50; 107.75; 108.00; 108.25; 108.50; 108.75; 109.00; 109.25; 109.50; 109.75; 110.00; 110.25; 110.50; 110.75; 111.00; 111.25; 111.50; 111.75; 112.00; 112.25; 112.50; 112.75; 113.00; 113.25; 113.50; 113.75; 114.00; 114.25; 114.50; 114.75; 115.00; 115.25; 115.50; 115.75; 116.00; 116.25; 116.50; 116.75; 117.00; 117.25; 117.50; 117.75; 118.00; 118.25; 118.50; 118.75; 119.00; 119.25; 119.50; 119.75; 120.00; 120.25; 120.50; 120.75; 121.00; 121.25; 121.50; 121.75; 122.00; 122.25; 122.50; 122.75; 123.00; 123.25; 123.50; 123.75; 124.00; 124.25; 124.50; 124.75; 125.00; 125.25; 125.50; 125.75; 126.00; 126.25; 126.50; 126.75; 127.00; 127.25; 127.50; 127.75; 128.00; 128.25; 128.50; 128.75; 129.00; 129.25; 129.50; 129.75; 130.00; 130.25; 130.50; 130.75; 131.00; 131.25; 131.50; 131.75; 132.00; 132.25; 132.50; 132.75; 133.00; 133.25; 133.50; 133.75; 134.00; 134.25; 134.50; 134.75; 135.00; 135.25; 135.50; 135.75; 136.00; 136.25; 136.50; 136.75; 137.00; 137.25; 137.50; 137.75; 138.00; 138.25; 138.50; 138.75; 139.00; 139.25; 139.50; 139.75; 140.00; 140.25; 140.50; 140.75; 141.00; 141.25; 141.50; 141.75; 142.00; 142.25; 142.50; 142.75; 143.00; 143.25; 143.50; 143.75; 144.00; 144.25; 144.50; 144.75; 145.00; 145.25; 145.50; 145.75; 146.00; 146.25; 146.50; 146.75; 147.00; 147.25; 147.50; 147.75; 148.00

CONTENTS.

Original Articles. God's Minute (selected poem).—A Quartette of Boston Ministers.—Specters of the Old Church. From OUR EXCHANGES.	11
Miscellaneous. A Paraphrase (poem).—Best (concluded).—Revelation and Inspiration. Correspondence. Notes from Maine. OUR BOOK TABLE.	12
The Sunday-school. Lessons for the Younger Classes.—Missions Department.—New Hampshire.—Vermont.—Tennessee.—Boston Market.—Advertisements.	13
Editorial. The Vital Fact.—The Oriental Question.—Letter from Washington.—Editorial Items.	14
Notes from the Churches. Massachusetts.—Maine.—East Maine.—Rhode Island.—Business Notices.—Church Registers, etc.—Money Letters Received.—Marriages.—Deaths.—Advertisements.	15
The Family. My Mother (poem).—Familiar Letter from India.—Gone Home (selected poem).—John Shaw.—Supplicator to Worshipful Brethren.—Sunday-school Festival. FOR AND FACT. OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS. A Misunderstanding (selected poem).—Fanny's Temptation (selection).—The Lullaby (selection).	16
The Farm and Garden. OBITUARIES. Advertisements.	17
The Week. Church News.—Reading Notices.—Advertisements.	18

ZION'S
HERALD.

THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1878.

The Eastern question has passed out of the region of physical strife into a contest between diplomatists. Russia's triumph is absolute and beyond question. England can secure no combination against her demands as the price of peace. Turkey has accepted her terms, and interchanged civilities; it is rumored that she has entered into close treaty relations with Russia. What the actual, preliminary terms of peace are, is not yet clearly known. Reports are freely made and denied; possibly intentionally, in order to discover, indirectly, the opinions of the Great Powers. Germany sits as the great pacificator, and evidently holds the balance of power in Europe. What a vacancy would be created by the death of Bismarck! Europe could better lose two or three of her crowned heads. England seems to be almost as much humiliated as Turkey by her connection with the late war. She has blustered, threatened, made astonishing preparations, moved to the very brink of the precipice of war, and after all, hesitated, wisely, doubtless, and accomplished nothing. The congress of the nations for the adjustment of the international questions involved in the settlement of the controversy, is to be held in Berlin, and all the great European powers invited have agreed to send their representatives to it. Until after this noted congress, we shall not know the exact results of this most memorable struggle of the century.

To ministers, as to other people, the desire of pecuniary independence is natural and pardonable, and other things being equal, may not be a serious obstacle to success. That such pecuniary independence, however, is indispensable to success in the sacred office, is not so apparent. Indeed, it remains a mere dependence but whether comparative dependence be not to those bearing a message from God to guilty men, an almost necessary element of power. The world is suspicious of wealth; it honors honest and voluntary poverty, when consecrated and endured as a means to insure the high purposes of life. His position among the poor. In this grade of society he found the best leverage to move the world. In this unwelcome attitude he was able to approach the conscience and to move the sympathies of the people, as well as to stand forth most free from sinister suspicions. Here, too, he found the apostles who were to bear the faith to the ends of the earth. Wealth could never have convinced the world which bowed before their simple and sincere preaching. Poverty, as well as grace, wrought in them mightily.

To the strength of this principle of reverence for poverty, all the great revivals bear witness. In her poverty the Church was strong and triumphant; she became enervated only when wealth was poured into her lap. After being shorn of her locks, the return again to wealth has invariably been through the gate of poverty. Methodism was the uprising of a great preaching order for the masses. Sympathizing with the early leaders in their straitened and depressed circumstances, we are prone to forget that their very poverty and struggles proved one of their grand resources. In this they differed from most of the clergy of their time.

The power of our Church has not increased in proportion to her advance in members and wealth. The very prosperity that attends her may tend to reduce her spiritual vigor and weaken the testimony she bears to the world. The poor Church, in worldly wealth, and the poor minister, may be the very ones in the way to do the most good. We may have greater reason to be thankful for comparative poverty than for wealth. When wealth and talent are consecrated—a rare combination indeed—wide and blessed results follow.

Some men can extract sunshine out of an iceberg. A happy and useful pastor, successfully coping in a neighboring Church, in a private note, the other day, remarked that he had been much impressed with the danger of leaving any considerable amount of earthly substance behind for children to quarrel over or be injured by; but that Providence had now saved him from all anxiety in this respect. He had invested a few hundred dollars in the bonds of a Western town, but these had been repudiated; he had bought a paid-up life insurance in a memorable company, and this had failed; and he owned stock in a down-east manufacturing company,

but this had also exploded; so that he was relieved of all anxiety in reference to any possible injury that his children might suffer from the estate that would be left to them. He has, however, a large and rich inheritance, in which his family shares with him, in a property which is, happily, beyond all the incidents of mortal life, and will endure and enhance forever. And he inherits, also—a wealth that is an earthly fortune in itself—a cheerful and trustful spirit.

There will be many changes to be made at the coming New England Conference; but we ask no sympathy from our friends of the established orders. These changes will be made without heart-burnings (not, perhaps, without personal sacrifices for Christ's sake), and without violent interruptions of the harmony of Churches. There is no Christian sect that carries so comfortably such a body of ministers. If the itinerancy were given up, there are hundreds of men, some of them very deservingly and useful, but modest and self-distrustful, who would find it impossible to secure regular preaching appointments for themselves; and there are hundreds of small appointments that would find it still more difficult to supply their pulpits with the class of preachers they are now receiving. The system has been exposed to its severest strains in New England, and demonstrated its efficiency by its marvelous success. We can only think of one improvement; that is, to have the appointments made for one year, and their continuance left to discretion rather than to be determined by a positive limitation of three years. But we should say, let not even this amendment of a successful providential experiment of over a century be tried, if it would in any wise peril the admirable system itself. Our Congregational brethren, when they find themselves in good pulpits, with small minorities to trouble them, have no patience with our itinerancy; but when, for years, they hang upon the ragged edge of unsuccessful candidating, they sigh for some "central bureau."

If persons at a distance suppose that the criticisms to which Mr. Cook and the Monday lectures have been submitted, have diminished his audience, or affected unfavorably their quality, they are greatly mistaken. The great audience-room has not been better filled during the whole hundred discourses, than for the last half dozen lectures. The interest, both in the preludes and discussions, has been fully sustained. No one of the series of his subjects has been invested with more practical and immediate value than the one now in progress, upon the relation of infidelity to the family. The volume embodying this course, when published, will be of permanent value, and less exposed to the fair criticism of friendly readers. Some of his lectures on this theme, even if somewhat overwrought rhetorically, have been masterpieces of platform eloquence, and have excited the most enthusiastic appreciation. Among far-minded hearers the conviction seems to be, that, while there is ground for severe criticism as to manner and matter, in some of the lectures, the articles in the *New Englander* have been equally open to objection, unnecessarily severe, and in some instances, unfounded and unjust. While it is easy to point out surface blemishes in the Monday orator, his peer in the same field cannot be mentioned. He stands unique, successful, effective, as a bold and able defender of revealed truth.

There is a marked difference between firmness and recklessness in the defense of the truth. The one consists with fairness, honesty and a manly respect for the opinions of others, even if we differ widely from them. The other is utterly regardless of anything besides the one object had in view. It denounces rashly, without waiting to learn the real position of an antagonist. It admits of no virtue in the absence of the acceptance of one truth. It measures the force of its argument by the violence of the language it can command, and the unqualified severity of the reprobation it pronounces. In politics, in reforms, and in religion, we have too much of this hysterical denunciation. It repels rather than convinces. It is a mark of weakness rather than strength. It harms a cause rather than helps it. Like a tornado, its course is only marked by desolations. Truth is, indeed, intolerant of error; but truth is pure, simple, inviting and convincing.

We are not surprised that a crowd should fill Music Hall to hear the ribaldry and blasphemy of Robert G. Ingersoll. Such a crowd will fill the theatres when a band of shameless women make indecent exposures of themselves; but we are surprised that some of our newspapers, who pride themselves on their respectability, and seek the patronage of our purest Christian homes, should publish these tirades against all that conserves our civilization—all this reproduction of vulgar French infidelity, of the darkest days of the Revolution—and interlard them with loud and condescending apologies! Times change, and we change with them!

We see that the speakers for the anniversary occasions, at least in a portion of the Conferences, are appointed. Let there be no disappointment, or failure in adequate preparation. The audiences, in the large country towns where the New England Conference meets, will be worthy of the most careful and thoughtful efforts of the wisely-selected men who are to be the advocates of great charities, or the representatives of important institutions. It is to be hoped that the speakers will not fail of having the presence of their ministerial brethren, as well as of the local congregations. It is an act of fraternal courtesy, as well as of loyalty to Church enterprises, that we all owe to each other and the great common interests that we consider on such occasions.

We early lift up our voice in aid of the long-suffering collectors of Conference statistics. We are amply provided with blanks; the work of filling them up is small, if done while all the means of verification are near at hand. A little care will save an abundance of trouble. Have every item filled in, not by guessing, or inference, but by actual count and transcription. No statistics should be left to follow the pastor, leisurely, to his Conference, by mail. Have everything finished, so as to be placed in the hands of the statistical committees on the very opening of the session!

THE VITAL FACT.

One of our thoughtful and devoted ministers in the vicinity of Boston, in the course of a late instructive sermon, illustrated Christ's dealing with a thoroughly awakened person, by the incident of the young ruler. Here was a man, to all outward appearances, not a little in earnest. He was not moved by any surrounding influences. He was a subject of no momentary excitement. His ardor had not been aroused by a persuasive discourse. He was not a subject of earnest personal entreaty. The scene in which he was the sole participant occurred in broad daylight, and in the open highway. A young man, in a conspicuous social position, endowed with intelligence, an inheritor of wealth, one who had been preserved from the vices of youth, and had lived a signally moral life, broke through the restraints of caste, of prejudice, of human pride, and voluntarily knelt at the Master's feet. The question he asked was a proper one. It involved the chief one of all in human life. It was humbly, honestly and quite earnestly asked—"Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?"

Such an event as this would convulse an audience now, if it occurred in one of our assemblies, even amid the high excitement of earnest discourse and moving songs. We should be disposed to believe that the great battle between self and salvation had been fought out, and nothing but an immediate trust in the provisions of the Gospel was requisite. We should hardly feel that there was any occasion for further struggle, but should at once welcome the voluntary disciple, and bid him Godspeed in the Christian race. But how different was the Saviour's course! There was no lack of appreciation of all that was involved in the steps he had already taken; there was no want of tenderness and kindness—He looked upon him and "loved him." There was no repulsion or rebuff; but how He searched him, and disclosed to him the lingering selfishness of his heart! Eternal life was his; but he must yield the life that now is. Everlasting possessions were in promise; but he must consecrate to the Lord's service the large property that entangled him and forbade the ready discharge of the great mission upon which the Master was about to send him. It was not a question of enjoyment, of one marked act of sacrifice, of a series of formal duties, of following in the Saviour's train; but it was a question of absolute and perpetual consecration of person and substance.

No one can cheerfully and actually make this consecration unless he is "born of the Spirit." If the young ruler could have waited there at the Master's feet until the battle had been fought through, it would have been all right. Jesus knew the struggle that was passing in his soul on account of his great possessions. If he had tarried long enough to weigh, in the light of the Master's words, the two worlds—the eternal and the temporal possessions; if, in the agony of his human hold upon his earthly supports, he had lifted up his agonized cry, "Save, or I perish!" the Master himself would have secured to him the victory; a new heart would have been given to him, which would just as readily and happily have yielded up his earthly inheritance, as it now clung to it. He would have accounted himself as "bought with a price," and joyful beyond measure, have proffered himself and his substance for the Master's service. Until this divine work is wrought in the heart, however tender, inquiring, earnest and demonstrative, persons may be, there will be no true consecration of life or talent, no permanent peace, no deep-seated change of affections, and no progress in Christian attainment. This is just what Jesus said to Nicodemus: "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God. . . . Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

Just here we find the great lack in our modern religious movements. They are often seasons of great awakening. Men are powerfully moved. They turn aside awhile from their worldly business, and they are aroused to some sense of their spiritual danger. They know they are not prepared to die; and their inquiry is, how they may secure eternal life. They are willing to rise in public services; they can even be persuaded to come to the altar, or to tarry for a service of prayer. But little further seems to be required at their hands, save an intellectual assent to the great Gospel truth, that Christ died for sinners, including them; and they pass out converted, outwardly, to be, for the present at least, disciples of the Lord Jesus; but not divinely regenerated, not raised to a new, all-conquering spiritual life, triumphing over the natural, and constraining them to yield their time, talents and service to the Master, and to constantly seek at His hand what He will have them to do.

The joining one of the Churches, as a portion of Christ's body, the working in

the Sabbath-school as a choice field of labor, the personal testimony in all the relations of life, to one truly converted, will not have to be secured by earnest persuasion, but will be eagerly sought for by the loving disciple, with the warm words of voluntary sacrifice upon his lips—"Here am I, send me!" Such an one both sees the kingdom of God and enters into it; for the kingdom of God is set up in his heart, and Christ rules there through a voluntary and loving submission.

Such converts are regenerated; they are "born again," and "born of the Spirit." They know where they are, and will not have to be sought out, to be gathered into the Christian fold. They will gravitate to it, just as loving children draw to a father's house. It is this incompleteness—the case of these young rulers who come forward for prayers and go away weeping, and never really submit to Christ, and are not spiritually renewed—that occasions so much disappointment on the excitement of revival is passed. There is no urging, or crowding, or singeing, or praying a man into the kingdom of God, unless he voluntarily surrenders himself. And until he is thus born from above, although he has learned the songs, and his heart has throbbed with emotion, and he has quite strong drawings towards the people of God, he has not become a subject of the heavenly rule, and he cannot freely meet the requisitions of the Gospel. The yoke will be heavy to him and the burden oppressive. But when the Son maketh one free, he is free indeed. When Christ becomes the new life, the yoke is a garland of flowers and the burden becomes wings.

THE ORIENTAL CRISIS.

The curtain seems unwilling to fall on the bloody drama in the East, and it is quite as likely to be the prelude to another bloody act as the close of this modern political tragedy. An ulcer that has been festering for three hundred years, cannot be healed without excision to some degree, and either Turkey is to be wholly wiped out of Europe, or some of the neighboring powers are to be sacrificed. It looks, just now, as if Turkey were about to listen to its death-knell, and that Austria were to receive a premonitory warning of coming dissolution.

Matters are now in so critical a condition, that it is scarcely possible to settle this affair without greatly weakening Austria. The dual government of Austria-Hungary is so diverse in its interests, that what is acceptable to one party must be antagonistic to another. Hungary hates Russia and all the Slavonians in her neighborhood that are now the *protégés*, and soon will be the vassals, of Russia. She recoils how, a few years ago, she was throttled by Russia, when under Kossuth she was endeavoring to free herself from Austrian chains; and she sees that if Russia has control of the principalities of the Danube, that said river will become a Russian channel, and will be virtually outside of the control of either Hungary or Austria. That Russia intends to possess the mouths of the Danube is clear, from her willingness to forfeit Rumanian friendship as a price of their acquisition. The leading statesman in the Hungarian chambers recently asked whether Austria intended to allow Turkey to be throttled without any efforts to save her, and in the course of his remarks used such expressions as, "befoiled Europe."

The excitement just now in Hungary, in regard to these Oriental matters, is so great that it is doubtful whether words will ally it, as nobody at present has much confidence in words. Now, if Vienna yields to this Hungarian pressure, she exposes herself to the counter pressure of the millions of Germans in her northern districts, and is thus divided within herself; while at the same time her own Slavonic races, numbering about five millions, will, of course, be alienated. Thus the dangers to Austria are almost as great as those of Turkey, though not so immediate. The prime minister of the dual monarchy has so far succeeded in riding the two steeds; but he will be a skillful cavalier if between them he does not come to the ground; and therefore no alliance between England and Austria, as the latter hopes.

England has been completely outwitted in this contest with Russia, and has greatly lost ground in European councils. Nearly every move that she has made has been checkmated by Russia, under the guidance of the astute Gortschakoff. Her policy has been so wavering and disconnected, that even her own people are uncertain what she means. There was a period when England might have assisted in settling all this matter by moral influence, and without the loss of a single life. If England had joined with the other powers, at the close of the conference of Constantinople, in insisting that Turkey should carry out the position reached by said conference, the Moslems would have yielded, because of their total inability to stand single-handed against all Europe. But when England confined herself to saying what ought to be done, and refused to take even moral measures to enforce these conclusions, then she said to Turkey, "If Russia interferes with you, we will intervene." This is the promise that Turkey read between the lines as clearly as if they had been written; and thus she was deluded into this unequal contest, in which she has lost all.

Now to this there would be some compensation, if the cause had gained all in this strife. But what has it

gained? Russia went into the fight, according to her own assertion, simply to protect the Bulgarian Christians; "no conquest" was the solemn promise of the Russian czar in the Kremlin of Moscow to his officers, as they separated for their commands on the breaking out of hostilities. This was a blind to quiet England, and it proved to be the eye of a swallowing these; while England barks, and backs out of every complication. Now the end should be the cure of the evils so long practiced by the Turks, and which can only be reached by the combined action of the Powers, and by moral, even more easily than by violent, means. But the end, so far as reached, seems to be the substitution of one tyranny for another. Russia is making a Russian realm of all these principalities of the Danube, and is already pressing these petty nationalities so sorely in the preparation of the conditions of peace, that they are all complaining.

The question is, then, will this be the end? We think not. It is but another stadium of the conflict. For the last hundred years Russia has had a tussle on this field about once in twenty-five years, and if it be necessary, she can now stop awhile, and again let matters ripen to her final blow. But in her tortuous policy, it is easy to perceive a straight line. It is probable that just now nothing would please her better than to have Austria and England demand a division of the spoils; for she would then be sure to have the lion's share without further waiting; and for this, probably, she has been so dilatory in coming to intelligible terms. Her diplomatists are feeling their way with no actual desire to put on that last feather, but willing to go as near as possible, without actually breaking the camel's back. Just now the magician who stands over the scene with his wand, and controls the rapid, dissolving views, is Bismarck. If he commands peace, the elements will subside, but hardly without.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

There is nothing that better shows American progress than the good appearance of the colored people in Washington. This is the Mecca of the race, and no doubt the better class find their way here; and nearly every one who is a slave-owner, and a legislator in the land, and a large and accomplished faculty of instruction. There are now 170 students in the school, of whom 53 are women; 42 graduated last week, of whom 15 are women. Of the success of the experiment of co-education in this professional school, Dean T-Edin, in his admirable opening address, says:—

"After an experience extending over a period of five years, I must again heartily express my approval of the system of medical co-education of the sexes. I need add nothing to what I have already said of the restraining and elevating moral effect which the sexes exert upon each other. Nothing so noble and noble as the standing of the colored people in the school, and a larger number of graduates than of the white students. The address to the alumni was from Dr. Watts, a colored man, and the principal address of the occasion was by Hon. George B. Loring, member of Congress from Salem, Mass.

Dr. Loring is a man of great medical and political honors, and his address was audibly learned; but it was rather long, and over the heads of the people, who but ten or twelve years ago were slaves; and he had the misfortune not to begin until an hour or more after the lengthy speakers. A man may be as wise as Solomon, but he cannot dispense all his wisdom at one time and find people able to receive it.

Young orators invariably show their lack of practice; the voice sounds weak and faint in a large church; but they were generously appreciated, and handsome bouquets from lady friends are a sufficient panacea for all the woes of Commencement speeches. The nine young medical men and women just launched upon a world full of sickness and accident, are so many promises of relief, cure or prevention of disease.

Hon. Mr. Loring has a fine voice, handsome enunciation, and an earnest manner. He is dignified and clerical in his looks, with half-brushed smoothly side-whiskers and a round, full face. He is sixty years old, a graduate of Harvard, and was Major General in the Union army. He has not heard him talk in Congress, which is a much harder place to speak in than any audience-room in the land.

The medical faculty of Howard University consists of nineteen, with Rev. Dr. W. W. Patton, president. In the various medical classes there are several talented young ladies, among them the daughter of Senator Sargent of California. Although the Senator now hails from the land of gold, he was born in Newburyport, Mass. The best of our Western men were transplanted from the East, and a distinguished writer has said "New England is a good place to be born in. It would be a man's outlook to live all over the world; he can see things from more than one standpoint. It is certainly a gain that women are studying medicine, for life and death are more surely in their hands than in the hands of men. They nurse the sick, and that is by far the most important part of the healing art.

In observing a company of colored people, they look like men and women of strong and healthy physique; but those who know, say they are not hardy, not strong as they look, but a tender race, easily destroyed by consumption or sudden epidemic. It is a stimulus to the young men at Howard University and Wayland Seminary to see their colored brethren in the Senate and the House.

on, though what the connection was with the greenback, did not appear. Long speeches never gain a good hearing; they are all printed in the record, however, and sent to a man's constituents, who undoubtedly expect their member to do his duty and speak a word for every one of the most delicate and important themes—the nervous system, its nature and operations, and its relation to the human mind. These lectures were scholarly, marked by the modesty of true science, reverent towards revealed religion, and full of sound information, unmingled with mere speculation. Dr. Jewell has received handsome testimonials from some of our leading professional men, and has left behind a very grateful reputation. A course of lectures from the doctor will always be prized in this vicinity.

A difficult thing for a legislator is the continual application for his influence in getting positions for work. A gentleman lately applied for a consulship, got valuable names upon his demand, and when died it was the sixty-sixth application for the place! A lady was examined for a vacancy in the Department, passed a good examination, went to receive her appointment, and just at the last moment President Hayes heard of the vacancy and sent down an application for a friend of his. The appointing clerk said to the lady who had been examined, "The place was yours, but we could not refuse the President." She was indignant, as well she might be, at such an enforcement of the President's theory, but not practice, of civil service reform. It seems that "Practice what you preach" is one of the hardest of rules.

They are beginning here to use the telephone. In the Senate post office today, they were transacting business by the telephone with men in the government printing-office, half a mile away, and strangers gathered round to see the process.

A clerk in the post office took a friend in the same office. It should have taken two minutes to deliver the letter. Instead of that, it went to California, and was then returned with the advice, "Try Washington." So, although our post-office arrangements are very good, there are chances of curious mistakes.

MARCH 6. MARY GAY ROBINSON.

Editorial Items.

As heretofore, remarkably interesting services marked the fifth anniversary of the School of Medicine connected with Boston University. On Wednesday, March 6, Tremont Temple was filled to its utmost capacity, with an audience marked in quality as in quantity. The platform was made a bower of beauty by its profusion of flowers. It certainly is significant that wherever woman enters as a co-student with her brothers, she restores the paradise to them that they lost together in her first thoughtless act! The school has one of the finest college buildings for purposes of professional education in the land, and a large and accomplished faculty of instruction. There are now 170 students in the school, of whom 53 are women; 42 graduated last week, of whom 15 are women. Of the success of the experiment of co-education in this professional school, Dean T-Edin, in his admirable opening address, says:—

"After an experience extending over a period of five years, I must again heartily express my approval of the system of medical co-education of the sexes. I need add nothing to what I have already said of the restraining and elevating moral effect which the sexes exert upon each other. Nothing so noble and noble as the standing of the colored people in the school, and a larger number of graduates than of the white students. The address to the alumni was from Dr. Watts, a colored man, and the principal address of the occasion was by Hon. George B. Loring, member of Congress from Salem, Mass.

Dr. Loring is a man of great medical and political honors, and his address was audibly learned; but it was rather long, and over the heads of the people, who but ten or twelve years ago were slaves; and he had the misfortune not to begin until an hour or more after the lengthy speakers. A man may be as wise as Solomon, but he cannot dispense all his wisdom at one time and find people able to receive it.

Young orators invariably show their lack of practice; the voice sounds weak and faint in a large church; but they were generously appreciated, and handsome bouquets from lady friends are a sufficient panacea for all the woes of Commencement speeches. The nine young medical men and women just launched upon a world full of sickness and accident, are so many promises of relief, cure or prevention of disease.

Hon. Mr. Loring has a fine voice, handsome enunciation, and an earnest manner. He is dignified and clerical in his looks, with half-brushed smoothly side-whiskers and a round, full face. He is sixty years old, a graduate of Harvard, and was Major General in the Union army. He has not heard him talk in Congress, which is a much harder place to speak in than any audience-room in the land.

The medical faculty of Howard University consists of nineteen, with Rev. Dr. W. W. Patton, president. In the various medical classes there are several talented young ladies, among them the daughter of Senator Sargent of California. Although the Senator now hails from the land of gold, he was born in Newburyport, Mass. The best of our Western men were transplanted from the East, and a distinguished writer has said "New England is a good place to be born in. It would be a man's outlook to live all over the world; he can see things from more than one standpoint. It is certainly a gain that women are studying medicine, for life and death are more surely in their hands than in the hands of men. They nurse the sick, and that is by far the most important part of the healing art.

The lectures of Dr. J. S. Jewell, delivered before the Theological School of Boston University, last week, were attended by many of our ministers and others. They have afforded a rare opportunity of learning the latest observations and generalizations of science upon one of the most delicate and important themes—the nervous system, its nature and operations, and its relation to the human mind. These lectures were scholarly, marked by the modesty of true science, reverent towards revealed religion, and full of sound information, unmingled with mere speculation. Dr. Jewell has received handsome testimonials from some of our leading professional men, and has left behind a very grateful reputation. A course of lectures from the doctor will always be prized in this vicinity.

D. Lothrop & Co. publish a handsomely printed roll of Scriptures, selected and arranged by Miss Maria Bruce Lyman. It is appropriately entitled, *Gathered Treasures*. Miss Frances E. Willard introduces it with a short, appreciative note. To hang upon the walls of Sunday-schools, especially upon those of hospitals, and in our own sleeping rooms, these pleasant devices afford a variety, comfort, and instruction. In a hospital, the dying eyes of a departing lad to remain fastened upon one of these rich verses of truth hanging upon the wall by his bedside.

The Victoria and Tasmania (Wesleyan) Conference opened in Melbourne, on Wednesday, 22d of January. Rev. Joseph H. D. whose visit to this country and very eloquent sermons and addresses are still fresh in our remembrance, was elected president, by a very large vote of his brethren. He entered the South Australian ministry in 1851, and removed to the Victoria Conference in 1856. He is one of our foremost ministers, and his office is in Melbourne.

"His noble presence, his sonorous voice, his eloquent language, and his stirring and evangelical sermons, have placed the newly-elected president as a prince among the speakers; while his effectiveness as a platform speaker is second to none in these colonies. Added to these, his genial disposition and his social qualities have endeared him to all who know him."

The special feature of this session of the Conference was the presence of President Gervase Smith, as a delegate from the English Wesleyan Conference. His presence, sermons and addresses were very heartily welcomed.

We read with pleasure the thirteenth annual report of the Association for the Protection of Destitute Roman Catholic children in Boston. This is the appropriate work of Christian Churches, and we heartily commend the Association for its noble labors. Between three and four thousand children have been received and provided for since it was organized; during the last year, 75 girls and 132 boys came into its control. The expense is raised by annual subscriptions, by fairs and musical festivals. We bid Godspeed to all the honest and earnest efforts of the Christian Church to provide for their own neglected and perished children. We only object, when, in addition to this, they wish to force themselves into our unsectarian institutions, with their positively sectarian instructions.

Last week's *Christian Union* contains the following notice of its late publisher:—"With this number of the *Christian Union*, Mr. H. C. King withdraws from the charge of the publishing department, to devote himself to 'The Orpheus,' of which he has become the editor and proprietor. The *Christian Union* is indebted to Mr. King for indefatigable services in its behalf at a time when the transition from a former to a new organization demanded an able business pilot; and the measure of his skill and fidelity is to be seen in the prosperous condition of the business department of the *Christian Union*. He carries with him the sympathy and hearty good wishes of his fellow-laborers in this office."

The tract announced a week since as coming from the press of Lothrop & Co., entitled, "Is there a Hell?" and written by Rev. John A. Cass, A. M., is now published. It is a remarkably clear, condensed, and satisfactory answer to one of the most serious questions that can be asked. The answer turns wholly upon a scholarly and very convincing exposition of the revelations of Holy Scripture in reference to the future life. It is a wholesome tract for the times, and should be widely circulated.

The devoted evangelists, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, were at the Tabernacle, last Sabbath, according to announcement. The beautiful day insured them an immense crowd; the great audience-room was even then full, and the streets were a most pleasant day. Hundreds overflowed into the adjoining churches, and hundreds stood during the services. Probably the audience was composed largely of Church members from the city and vicinity. Mr. Moody preached with remarkable directness and vigor, and Mr. Sankey sang with his old power. The meetings continue daily for a fortnight.

We are obliged to the devoted agent and Chaplain of the New Bedford Port Society, Rev. James D. Butler, for a printed copy of the forty-eighth report of that association. We worshiped in his chapel more than forty years ago, when Easton Lodge was the beloved assembly's preacher, when the wharves of the town were crowded with whalers, and the streets with sailors. How much good this Port Society has accomplished in the half century past! Chaplain Butler's report shows that, with all the changes in the commerce of the city, there is still abundant work for the society and its selfless agents. No year's work has been more productive of good than the last.

A. Williams & Co. send us two handsomely executed charts, entitled, *Illustrated Map of London, and of Paris, or Strangers' Guide* to the public buildings, theatres and all places of amusement in these cities. These charts are executed by George H. Young, 149 Tremont Street. London. They are provided specially for visitors to the coming Exposition in Paris. The maps will be a very handy and useful guide, being portable and sufficiently detailed. 25 cents each.

Dr. J. H. Vincent writes: "Allow me to call the attention of the readers of the *HERALD* to an error which occurs in the tract issued by our department, entitled, 'The Servant of the Lord.' The blunder is reference to lesson seven for the second quarter, 1879, which, instead of reading *Micah 4-5*, should read, *Micah 4, 1-5*. Also, the lessons for Nov. 23 and 30 should be exchanged."

The labor question is very sensibly and practically considered in an address delivered by Hon. Daniel Needham, at Manchester, N. H., on Jan. 31, by the request of the State Board of Agriculture. It was reported in the *Ploughman*, and is reprinted from its columns. It affords excellent suggestions to the working men of the country, upon the chief points in the discussion of the great question of the relation of labor to capital.

As we go to press we receive from Bishop Haven, containing a notice that will be read by many friends of the deceased.

"Rev. H. R. Parmenter died, on Monday evening, aged fifty-three years, and four months. He had been sick for some time of his last sickness was about five weeks. He suffered much in his last illness, but he died peacefully, rejoicing in the Gospel he had preached."

"Bro. Parmenter is well-known in New England Conferences. He was a member of the New England Conference in 1852, and served in Woburn, North Reading, Newburyport and Hubbardston. He took a supernumerary relation, and remained out of the work for nine years. He re-entered the work in 1871, and was stationed at West Brookfield. He too feeble to stand the rigors of England's climate, and he was transferred to the Georgia Conference in 1873, where he remained for three years at La Grange, Georgia. The labors were so heavy that he was unable to leave that place for one year's service. He was a man whose name was not to be forgotten in the work."

"His funeral was held at his home in Newburyport, on Tuesday, the 5th. The Rev. M. E. Curran preached a sermon on 'Blessed dead that die in the Lord.' The services were held at the home of the deceased, and were very touching. The Rev. J. S. Jewell, who was the officiating minister, read the funeral services, and the Rev. J. S. Jewell, who was the officiating minister, read the funeral services, and the Rev. J. S. Jewell, who was the officiating minister, read the funeral services."

"The Boston Almanac and Directory for 1878, published by Sampson, Low, and Co., is an annual as useful, and as portable as it is a desk and counting-room, and a valuable reference. It contains a full list of State and county officers, of the addresses of the chief men of business, of the professional men of the State, and also a fine-colored map of the State. It is indeed the counting-room and upon the writers and professional men."

We are indebted to the secretaries of the North and South Carolina Associations of the M. E. Church, for the Minutes of their late sessions. Instances very encouraging are shown "all along the line."

The Boston Almanac and Directory for 1878, published by Sampson, Low, and Co., is an annual as useful, and as portable as it is a desk and counting-room, and a valuable reference. It contains a full list of State and county officers, of the addresses of the chief men of business, of the professional men of the State, and also a fine-colored map of the State. It is indeed the counting-room and upon the writers and professional men."

S. R. Wells & Co., New York, have just issued a "Transmission" of V. Character through the Mother's, and B. Kerby. This little tract, though pages, discusses, in a delicate and thoughtful way, an important subject becoming more and more a social science.

Persons desiring to go as delegates to the International Sunday-school Convention, held at Atlanta, Ga., April 1st, should communicate with Eben Stone, of the State executive committee, 23 Broad Street, New York. Only 30 delegates. Rev. S. L. Grant, for ZION'S HERALD.

We understand that such success has attended Dr. Tournefort that the books will be sold week.

The collections for the support of the Bishops for the current year are largely in excess of those of last year.

NOTES FROM THE CHURCH.

MASSACHUSETTS.

As we go to press we receive this note from Bishop Haven, containing an announcement that will be read with sorrow by many friends of the deceased:—

Rev. H. R. Parmenter, died at Newnan, Georgia, on Monday evening, March 4th, aged fifty-three years and four months. He had been sick for some time of consumption. His last sickness was about four months. He suffered much in his last weeks, especially from nervous excitement, an unusual accompaniment of his chief disease. He died peacefully, rejoicing in the support of the Gospel he had preached.

Bro. Parmenter is well-known in the New England Conference. He was born in New York city, but was brought up in Worcester. He joined the New England Conference in 1852, and served acceptably in Woburn, North Reading, Gloucester, Newburyport and Hubbardston. He then took a superannuated relation, and remained out of the work for nine years. He re-entered the work in 1871, and was stationed at West Brookfield. His health was feeble to stand the rigors of the New England climate, and he was removed to the Georgia Conference in 1873. He was stationed three years at La Grange, and was one year Presiding Elder of the La Grange district. The labors were such that he was compelled to leave that district after one year's service. He then returned to his home where he was not able to do any effective work.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

MUNROE MISSION.

This old mission with a new name seems to be springing into new life. Sunday, March 3, was a very interesting day in its history. Owing to the increase in numbers, the accommodations of the old hall on Cambridge Street were insufficient, and a larger hall, 103 Main Street, Bunker Hill district, Boston, was secured, and put in order, especially from nervous excitement, an unusual accompaniment of his chief disease. He died peacefully, rejoicing in the support of the Gospel he had preached.

Bro. Parmenter is well-known in the New England Conference. He was born in New York city, but was brought up in Worcester. He joined the New England Conference in 1852, and served acceptably in Woburn, North Reading, Gloucester, Newburyport and Hubbardston. He then took a superannuated relation, and remained out of the work for nine years. He re-entered the work in 1871, and was stationed at West Brookfield. His health was feeble to stand the rigors of the New England climate, and he was removed to the Georgia Conference in 1873. He was stationed three years at La Grange, and was one year Presiding Elder of the La Grange district. The labors were such that he was compelled to leave that district after one year's service. He then returned to his home where he was not able to do any effective work.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

His funeral was held at his church in Newnan on Tuesday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. Glenn, of the M. E. Church, South, preached a sermon on "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and were attended by a large number of friends.

A series of revival meetings are being held in the Congregational Church in Freeport, under the labors of Mr. C. C. Frost, the temperance evangelist, who has been for some months past working effectively in the temperance work in New York.

Methodism is prospering in Augusta, under the efficient labors of Rev. E. T. Adams. Much interest is manifested in the temperance cause, and liquors are hard to be obtained. Rev's Bolton, Hanscom and Dunn preached.

Mr. H. M. Pratt, of Turner, has been elected assistant principal of the Fall River high school. Hon. Ruel Washburn died at his residence in Livermore, March 4th, at the advanced age of 85 years. Mr. W. was a man widely and favorably known in the State. He has been a member of both branches of the Legislature, also a member of the Executive Council, and was for many years Judge of Probate for Androscoggin county. He was one of the oldest Free Masons in the State, and had been Master of the Grand Lodge. He leaves an honorable record.

The Methodist Church in Farmington, with their faithful pastor, are making all necessary preparations for the accommodation of the Maine Conference at its approach. The session, April 24th. Farmington is a most delightful village. The Church has a new house of worship, and a grand time is anticipated.

The Congregational Church in New Sharon, has extended a call to Rev. George A. Pratt, of Oxford, to become its pastor.

The revival continues on the Maryland Ridge charge with increasing interest. Twenty have already sought the Saviour, and notwithstanding the bad condition of the roads, the house is full every night, some coming as far as five miles to the meetings.

The Methodist Churches in Cape Elizabeth have been and considerably quickened within the few weeks past.

Rev. G. W. Barber has been holding meetings at several points on the Ferry Village charge, with good results, and the work of revival is now in progress in the village, where several have been reclaimed and converted.

Rev. J. E. Budden has had special prosperity at Bowery Beach.

Rev. T. T. Adams and his people at the Depot have received refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Several have been converted, several reclaimed, and several sanctified.

Rev. E. W. Hutchinson has been holding a series of meetings at the West End, Portland, with good results. Six have already united on probation, and others are converts will soon connect themselves with the society.

Rev. C. J. Clark of Pine St., Portland, baptised and received six into the Church last Sabbath.

The Congress Street Methodist Church, Portland, has secured pledges to the amount of about \$4,000 for the reduction of the debt; the pledges to be paid in four annual installments. The interest on the remainder of the debt is to be reduced from eight to six per cent, which will greatly relieve the Church of what has much embarrassed its prosperity.

Bro. McIntyre's meeting at South Standish has been blessed to the salvation of quite a number of persons, and the work is still being pushed.

The preachers' meeting held this week in Biddeford was a very interesting gathering. About the usual number of preachers were present, and the essays were unusually good. The congregations were large through all the exercises, and the citizens of Biddeford evinced a deep interest in all the discussions. Ministers of several sister denominations were present, some of whom participated in the discussion of the various questions which came before us. The third question, which is awakening a universal interest at present, is, "Can a Free Church, with the help of a Universalist minister who was present and participated in the discussion, received a thorough ventilation; and I guess the Universalist minister thought that he had caught a Tartar or two in this body of Methodist preachers. No one of them flinched on this question of future and endless punishment. Brother J. was present, and presided at the meeting part of the time, but the pressure of work took him away. The Presiding Elder's report showed that the office is no sinecure at present. Twelve serious and seventeen other meetings in nine days, would test a man of iron, and yet such is the work put upon the office with the present plan of the districts. But it may be questioned whether the railroads are not reaping about as much benefit from these endless rides, as the Churches. No one could do more or better work for the Church on this district than our Presiding Elder, but even he cannot do the work that needs to be done at some points, because of the almost interminable stretch of territory over which he is expected to pass twice or thrice a year on purely official business."

The M. E. Church at Brewer has been greatly improved inside, and a new furnace has been placed in the basement. At Eddington the Church has been wonderfully blessed with a revival of the Spirit, which commenced under the labors of Mr. John Stevens, of the Bangor reform club.

An excellent revival interest prevails at one of the outposts of the Thomaston charge. There is a good work, also, with several conversions, at Rockport.

At Meadows, Rockland charge, the people have been visited with an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Thus far, the work has been chiefly among the men.

For the past six weeks there has been a marked religious interest in South Lincoln (Rev. H. B. Bayley, pastor). The Church has been quickened, backsliders reclaimed, and many unconverted have risen for prayers. The pastor's health is not sufficiently robust to enable him to engage very actively in the good work.

BANGOR DISTRICT. Houlton is sharing largely in God's blessing. Rev. John Morse is closing a three years' term of constant revival and steady growth in the entire circuit, covering three towns.

At Brewer, the society are pressing the work of revival, and are building a vestry for prayer and social meetings.

The third year of Rev. C. B. Dunn, at Hampden, has proved one of the best, if not the best, of his whole life. Some two months ago, God raised up an evangelist among them, and since that date more than seventy-five souls have been converted. Many strong men have yielded to the Gospel of our Lord, presented by a young man who has grown up among them.

The society at Guilford has been struggling with a heavy debt, since the erection of their new church five years ago. Six weeks since

Rev. J. A. Morelen, the pastor, and our report the past five years in Southern Africa, lectured before the Y. M. C. Association, Boston, March 7th, on the explorations of Livingston, Cameron and Stanley. The lecture was illustrated with maps and views sketched by the famous trio of explorers, exhibited by the stereopticon a screen twenty feet square. The geographical features of the newly-theorized interior of the continent, pictures of the people, representations of the Christian natives, and photographs of the pioneer missionaries of the American Board, were thrown upon the screen, and short sketches given.

At Bangor, 1st Church, Rev's Gerrish, Clifford, Hanscom and Pierce are laboring with the pastor in revival services.

The second District Conference of the Bangor district for the current year, was held at Pittsfield, Feb. 26th and 27th. The weather was favorable, the attendance good, the literary programme interesting and suggestive, and the preaching and religious exercises highly successful. Reports from the various charges showed encouraging signs of prosperity, and some had been blessed with extensive revivals.

Seven candidates were recommended to the Annual Conference, and six received a license to preach. Our beloved Presiding Elder, Rev. A. Prince, retiring from his position as Presiding Elder, received the cordial thanks of the Conference for his kind and faithful services on the district.

Methodism in Pittsfield is of quite recent growth, having been mainly introduced by the present zealous and energetic pastor, Rev. T. Gerrish, who is just completing his third year of service. A most capable and very commodious parsonage have been built during his sojourn there, and his people have worked well with him and hold him in high esteem. The Conference was most generously and hospitably entertained by this kind people.

Several persons were served to throw a gloom over this session: One was the melancholy death of Rev. A. M. Osgood, of the New England Conference, and the other, the serious illness of Brother I. M. Brown, a young preacher who has recently been supplying at Oldtown. In view of these painful circumstances, the following resolutions were adopted, with a request to the secretary that a copy of them be sent to Zion's Herald, and to the friends of our brethren.

Rev. A. M. Osgood, a superannuated member of the New England Conference, supplied for a time the Harland charge. His long and faithful labors in the ministry, and his devotedness to his work, have left a void in the ranks of the Church, which cannot be easily filled.

Rev. I. M. Brown, a young preacher who has recently been supplying at Oldtown. In view of these painful circumstances, the following resolutions were adopted, with a request to the secretary that a copy of them be sent to Zion's Herald, and to the friends of our brethren.

Rev. A. M. Osgood, a superannuated member of the New England Conference, supplied for a time the Harland charge. His long and faithful labors in the ministry, and his devotedness to his work, have left a void in the ranks of the Church, which cannot be easily filled.

Rev. I. M. Brown, a young preacher who has recently been supplying at Oldtown. In view of these painful circumstances, the following resolutions were adopted, with a request to the secretary that a copy of them be sent to Zion's Herald, and to the friends of our brethren.

Rev. A. M. Osgood, a superannuated member of the New England Conference, supplied for a time the Harland charge. His long and faithful labors in the ministry, and his devotedness to his work, have left a void in the ranks of the Church, which cannot be easily filled.

Rev. I. M. Brown, a young preacher who has recently been supplying at Oldtown. In view of these painful circumstances, the following resolutions were adopted, with a request to the secretary that a copy of them be sent to Zion's Herald, and to the friends of our brethren.

Rev. A. M. Osgood, a superannuated member of the New England Conference, supplied for a time the Harland charge. His long and faithful labors in the ministry, and his devotedness to his work, have left a void in the ranks of the Church, which cannot be easily filled.

Rev. I. M. Brown, a young preacher who has recently been supplying at Oldtown. In view of these painful circumstances, the following resolutions were adopted, with a request to the secretary that a copy of them be sent to Zion's Herald, and to the friends of our brethren.

Rev. A. M. Osgood, a superannuated member of the New England Conference, supplied for a time the Harland charge. His long and faithful labors in the ministry, and his devotedness to his work, have left a void in the ranks of the Church, which cannot be easily filled.

Rev. I. M. Brown, a young preacher who has recently been supplying at Oldtown. In view of these painful circumstances, the following resolutions were adopted, with a request to the secretary that a copy of them be sent to Zion's Herald, and to the friends of our brethren.

Rev. A. M. Osgood, a superannuated member of the New England Conference, supplied for a time the Harland charge. His long and faithful labors in the ministry, and his devotedness to his work, have left a void in the ranks of the Church, which cannot be easily filled.

Rev. I. M. Brown, a young preacher who has recently been supplying at Oldtown. In view of these painful circumstances, the following resolutions were adopted, with a request to the secretary that a copy of them be sent to Zion's Herald, and to the friends of our brethren.

Rev. A. M. Osgood, a superannuated member of the New England Conference, supplied for a time the Harland charge. His long and faithful labors in the ministry, and his devotedness to his work, have left a void in the ranks of the Church, which cannot be easily filled.

Rev. I. M. Brown, a young preacher who has recently been supplying at Oldtown. In view of these painful circumstances, the following resolutions were adopted, with a request to the secretary that a copy of them be sent to Zion's Herald, and to the friends of our brethren.

Rev. A. M. Osgood, a superannuated member of the New England Conference, supplied for a time the Harland charge. His long and faithful labors in the ministry, and his devotedness to his work, have left a void in the ranks of the Church, which cannot be easily filled.

Rev. I. M. Brown, a young preacher who has recently been supplying at Oldtown. In view of these painful circumstances, the following resolutions were adopted, with a request to the secretary that a copy of them be sent to Zion's Herald, and to the friends of our brethren.

Rev. A. M. Osgood, a superannuated member of the New England Conference, supplied for a time the Harland charge. His long and faithful labors in the ministry, and his devotedness to his work, have left a void in the ranks of the Church, which cannot be easily filled.

Rev. I. M. Brown, a young preacher who has recently been supplying at Oldtown. In view of these painful circumstances, the following resolutions were adopted, with a request to the secretary that a copy of them be sent to Zion's Herald, and

The Family.

MY MOTHER.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Oh, how I loved her! Though my heart
At times resisted her control,
In every dearest wish and thought
She reigned, the idol of my soul.

I grew beside her year by year—
"Graceful," she said, "and fair and tall;"
Her words to me were sweet and dear,
And mem'ry's leaf retains them all.

Oh, how I loved her! Soft her smile
Shone all along the flowery way
O'er which I bounded on, the while
Thoughtless of death or decay.

Her bosom was my place of rest;
Her arms my refuge sure and dear;
Her voice could always soothe me best,
Her kiss could banish grief and fear.

Oh, how I loved her! Heart to heart,
And hand in hand she bore me on,
Guarding me from life's every smart,
Until her own young life was gone.

One day she drew me to her breast,
Her cheeks were white, her look was wild;
Chill lips to mine she fondly pressed,
And whispered, "We must part, my child!"

The words were crashing through my brain,
I went creaking through my quaking heart;
And then, like death, in every vein
Throbb'd the dread sentence, "We must part!"

Oh, bitterest grief of childhood's years!
Oh, hour of blackness, wrath and death!
Utterly drenched and choked with tears,
Wild with vain cries and pleading breath.

I long for her and love her now,
When childhood, youth and hope are fled,
As when her kisses warmed my brow,
As when she held my youthful head.

And when her life is heaped above,
My heart, and o'er my heart is piled,
If spirits live and spirits love,
My mother shall embrace her child.

FAMILIAR LETTER FROM INDIA.

We have been permitted to glance over a very interesting letter from Rev. E. W. Parker, addressed to one of our ministers. It records so graphically certain details of the marriage of our Brother Cheney, alluded to in the last issue of the HERALD, that we venture to print the substance of it for the benefit of our readers.—ED. HERALD.

Yesterday (Jan. 24) I was at Bareilly on very important business. I believe you know Brother Cheney, and are interested in his welfare. He is a thoroughly good fellow through and through, and the more he is known, the better he is liked. In his heart and in his devotion to God and His work fully. At Nynee Tal his work has been altogether a success. He is the right man for the right place. Still, though Brother Cheney is doing so well at Nynee Tal, we would have moved him this year, could we have filled his place. We wanted to start him in the native work, for which he has an especial adaptation. But this is not what I intended to write about.

I met in Bareilly yesterday a Miss Green, M. D.—a lady of the W. F. M. Society. You have probably heard of her from the Methodist ladies in New England, for they considered her a very superior lady when she was sent out. I first met Miss Green in Lucknow, soon after she landed in India with Brother Cheney. The first evening I spent with her, Brother Cheney was also of the company, and we then guessed that, unless we had lost all our Yankee wit, the ladies would be sent out. I first met Miss Green in Lucknow, soon after she landed in India with Brother Cheney. The first evening I spent with her, Brother Cheney was also of the company, and we then guessed that, unless we had lost all our Yankee wit, the ladies would be sent out. I first met Miss Green in Lucknow, soon after she landed in India with Brother Cheney. The first evening I spent with her, Brother Cheney was also of the company, and we then guessed that, unless we had lost all our Yankee wit, the ladies would be sent out.

But about that important business that took us to Bareilly. I went down to join this Brother Cheney of ours to this other dear friend, Miss Green, in the blessed union of marriage. It was a nice day, and a precious season. We arrived in the morning, and aided in covering the walls of the sitting-room with vines and flowers. In India we have beautiful flowers and vines. Mrs. Badly, from Lucknow, was there, and helped in this. At 5 P. M., all gathered at the church. Brother Cheney came in with Mrs. Scott and sat down near the altar. Soon after, Brother Thomas came in with Miss Green, and presented her to Brother C. at the altar. The congregation arose, and I married them with the form of our Discipline. The service was read slowly, the answers were distinct, and the Spirit's presence made it a most solemn and impressive, as well as glad service.

Brother Scott read the closing prayer. As we arose from our knees, Brother Cheney kissed his wife, and then they at once went to the "Home," to receive their congratulations. We had cake and coffee served, and then singing. Brother Wheeler led in prayer, and the guests took their leave. Brother and Sister Cheney went out and called on the missionaries, after which we had a chat together, then some more singing and a prayer, and at 10 P. M. we drove to the railway station, and the two happy persons started for Benares, with our blessing and best wishes.

There is one phase that is not quite pleasant. The good ladies who sent Miss Green out will feel sad to have her leave their ranks. I do not blame them for feeling sad. I would, however, that they might learn that marrying in the field and remaining in the work, is not being lost to the work. Sister Cheney will be a successful worker so long as God gives her life. All such acquisitions to our regular force are not a loss. It would be a great gain could the ladies come to see

it as it is, and when their funds are relieved of one lady, would send out another in her place. But if they get unhappy and displeased, and refuse to reinforce the work, there will be a loss, though the laborers here still work.

Men and women will love, and marry, and will pray over it, and feel happy, and will believe with all their hearts it is God's will. They will praise Him for bringing them providentially together, and all the Women's Missionary societies in the world can't change this. I do not say I would have this; so I say here is the fact; and while man remains man, and woman remains woman, this state of things will continue. Why, then, should not our good sisters see this and accept what they cannot change? But, say the good faithful laborers at home, "Cannot the ladies wait five years for Christ's sake?" Here is just the point. They could do anything for Christ's sake. They left home for a heathen land as lone girls, with no one to lean on but Christ. These girls are brave enough to do anything for Christ's sake, and did they feel that they could wait a life-time. But here is a man with a large work to do. In this work he needs a wife to aid him. He cannot board; he must keep house. His house is all ready—made so by his people. He lives in it all alone, with servants to steal his goods, half cook his food, and harass him, stealing the time of his study and labor, and unfitting him for quiet work. He loves a girl and she loves him. He needs her; his work needs her; his people need a woman many times, and he believes and she believes that God in His providence would have them work together. All the friends who know the circumstances best—good men and good women—think that Christ's cause will be better served by them as man and wife than apart. While they feel thus, how can a poor girl wait for Christ's sake? Her belief is that it would please her Saviour better for her to marry. She prays over it, and weeps over it, and still the testimony of her judgment, of her conscience, and of course of her heart, is that her place is with the man she loves and who loves her and needs her. If she waits feeling thus, she does not do it for Christ's sake. She does it for fear of what people will say.

I write this that you may see a little from our standpoint. It is a loss to the ladies' Mission in one way that Miss G. married; but it is a gain to another work, and a great gain to Brother Cheney. Such cases will happen, and should happen. We cannot prevent it, and we should not if we could. Let the work go on in God's way; He will direct those who pray and wish to be led.

Moradabad, Jan. 25.

GOING HOME.

God spared a little angel
From heaven awhile,
To glad our eyes and cheer our hearts
With her sweet smile.

Her hair was tinged with glory,
And her fair eyes
Were blue as blossoms that are found
'Neath southern skies.

She only stayed to bless us
A few short years,
Then she went, and left us in her stead
Nothing but tears.

For she grew faint and weary,
And pined for home;
And she smiled when she heard her Father's
Voice.

Bidding her come.
The fading evening sunbeams
Around her crept,
And as the last one pined and died,
Our darling slept.

We laid her tired body
Beneath the sod,
Her lighted soul spread wings, and flew
Straight to her God.

—Methodist Recorder.

JOHN SHAW.

BY C. A. HIGGINS.

A man, with a valise in his hand, was walking rapidly along the railroad track. The station at which he had left the train, was the nearest one to his place of destination, and he was finishing his journey on foot. He recognized old, familiar landmarks at every step, and as he came to the bridge that spans the quiet Connecticut, he stopped. His form shook with emotion. He wiped away the perspiration from his heated face, drew a long, quivering breath, and passed on. His agitation increased as he advanced. Occasionally he hesitated, and seemed disposed to linger, yet was evidently impatient to proceed on his way.

Soon, however, moved by some irresistible impulse, he set down his valise, and descending the sloping roof of the bridge, seated himself on the edge, and looked down. Sixty feet beneath him the waters of the river were rolling peacefully onward to the sea.

It was a perfect night! The moon, through the thin fleece that covered her, gave just enough light to touch everything with a supernatural halo. The man seemed unconscious of all else save the glimmering water, which flickered as innocently as a shallow brook; while in reality the bottom lay forty feet beneath the smiling surface. And still he gazed and pondered. He did not heed the whistle of the upward-bound express; and when, brought partially to himself by the roar of the car, as it thundered by, not ten feet from him, he followed with his eye the red lantern hung on the rear of the train, it was for only a moment, and his gaze again sought the waters beneath him.

"Five years ago," he murmured, in a tremulous tone, "I stood on the very spot where I now sit! Five years

ago! I thought I had lived an eternity since then! But when I come back to these old associations, it seems only a few months since I—was here before. Ah! No wonder father turned me out! I could not blame him, even when I was angry. 'John Shaw,' said he—and I can remember just how he said it, with his old eyes blurred with tears, and his voice trembling with love for me, weak, wicked as I was, and yet thoroughly worn out by my baseness—'John Shaw! I have borne with you as long as I can. You must go. Never come back here until you are a man!' and shut the door on me. O father! mother! I have come back. But shall I be able to find you? And the tears rolled fast down his bearded face.

"And then I came down here, hot and desperate, determined to drown myself. Drown myself? I, of all men—who had broken a father's and a mother's heart, and ruined the happiness of my home—rashly testing what the great Beyond had in store for a man who was but a blot on the earth!"

"And then, as I stood here, looking at the water and trying to screw up my courage to take the jump, a man with a carpet-bag in his hand came along whistling, and asked me how far off the station was; and when I told him, he said he was tired of lugging his bag, and if I would go along with him and carry it, he would pay me for it. Not every man would have stopped to talk with such a rough-looking customer as I was, and particularly to make such an offer. But George Wilson—God bless him!—was inspired that night; and, somehow, taken by the pleasant appearance of the man, I let slip all my desperate designs, and went with him.

"How that man talked! I had blurted out all my history, under his questioning, before we had traveled half a mile. He was going to the station I had just left, to take the cars for his home in New Hampshire. He took me with him, and helped me with his friendship to a higher, better life.

"It's a wonder to me how he could do so, after I had told him how I had got into drinking habits, and had been turned out and given up by my father, who loved me more than any one else.

"And here I am now! I have never touched a drop since that night; and I've come home with a little money, to take up my old life, as I did, as far as I am able. But I don't know whether I shall find father and mother alive or—no, I have never heard from them since I left. They know not whether I am alive or dead.

"I dread to find out; but I shall in a few moments more," and he picked up his valise and started on.

In a little room on the ground floor of a dwelling on the east bank of the Connecticut, before an open fireplace, sat an old man. The room was pleasant and cheerful, but the old man sat in his arm-chair, with his head resting wearily on his hand. He looked at his daughter now and then—a young woman of about twenty-four—with an expression of love and trust, touching to behold. She was setting the table for the morning meal, as was her custom.

"Do you know, father," she said, presently, "it is New Year's to-morrow. What am I to have for a present?"

"I don't know, dear," he replied, looking up with a smile. "You and I have got beyond such things, I guess. Haven't we?"

Then a few moments after: "Mary, didn't somebody knock?"

Mary went to the door. A tall, bushy-whiskered man stood there.

"Will you come in, sir?" She asked politely.

The stranger stepped into the room, and strode over to the old man's side.

"Father, I've come back a man. Don't you know me?"

The old man tottered to his feet, weary no longer.

"Thank God! I knew such a sacrifice as I made when I drove you out would not be thrown away. I knew you would come back to me!" and the old man and his daughter were clasped in the arms of the returned prodigal.

"And mother?" asked John, with a sinking heart.

"She's up there," replied his father, looking upward reverently, as if he thought his wife was present with them in their great happiness.

"Yes," said Mary, putting his thought into words. "But she looks down on us to-night, and is happy with us!"

The bells of the New Year's morn found an echo in the hearts of this reunited family; but when the bells ushered in the New Year of eternity, shall we know how much of our happiness we owe to such men as George Wilson, who go about doing good?

SUPPLEMENT TO WORTHLEY BROOK SKETCHES.

BY C. C. BRADGON.

As so many who knew my father are reading with interest the sketches of Dr. Tefft, it seems to me worth while to offer a few corrections of statements in your issue of Feb. 14th.

Charles P. Bradgon was not born in New York State, but in Alfred, Me., in 1809. While he was a boy, his parents removed to New York, hence his presence in Cazenovia. When Mr. Larrabee came to Kent's Hill, father went with him, completed his studies in that school, and entered the Maine Conference. After service there, as mentioned in the sketch, he, for health's sake, went to New York State again, and was in charge, at Auburn, of the first branch our Book Concern

had in the State outside of New York city.

In 1853, thinking his health restored sufficiently to warrant his returning to his beloved work in his favorite New England, he joined the New England Conference, and was stationed at Union Street (now State Street), Springfield, this State. He was not able to stand it, however, and in 1855 he went West, joined the Rock River Conference, and was stationed in Waukegan, Aurora, and Evanston, Ill. Having filled his two years' term at the latter place, he took a nominal appointment in Chicago, but it was merely because he could not bear to be put on the retired list; and in a few months he died at Evanston, in the midst of the loving friends of his last pastorate—friends who by their generous kindness in the years of their bereavement, made his widow and children feel so much at home there, that they have never felt it best to return to their kin in the East.

Dr. Tefft will surely pardon the interest of a son who has found a delightful field of work within the bounds of the Conference to which his father was warmly attached, in refreshing his memory as to his father's connection therewith. Very grateful indeed have been the expressions of esteem in the article referred to, to a son who, but a boy at his death, knew all too little of the life, characteristics and work of such a father.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL FESTIVAL.

On Thursday evening, Feb. 28th, the Sunday-school of the Laurel Street M. E. Church, in the city of Worcester, held a fair and festival. The efficient superintendent of the school—Mr. H. W. Willson—had prepared a programme of literary exercises, consisting mostly of music and readings, while the good ladies had made ample provision for the wants of the body. It was an evening of delightful Christian sociality—a rare occasion—realizing a handsome substantial benefit to the Church and school.

Prof. A. S. Roe, of the High School, was announced to give the readings, but sudden sickness and sorrow kept him at home. The beautiful "Baby Bell" of his household, his darling Adie Estelle, had slipped back into that Paradise out of which, less than three years before, she had wandered into the dark wonderland of earth. Rev. V. M. Simons, of the Webster Square Church, was called upon to take Prof. Roe's place as reader of the evening. He began his readings with the tender and touching piece which we print below, prefacing his reading with the following remarks:—

"Prof. Roe was here to read to you to-night, and we have just been told why he is not here. The 'why' answers the simple explanation we call for, but to Prof. Roe himself the 'why' will not be so easily answered; it will be perplexing, with a strange significance. Only faith's vision of a golden staircase, the top of which is at heaven's door, and only ears attuned to hear the echoing clamber and clatter of little feet pattering upon it, will avail to explain to our brother the mournful mystery of that dark-lettered 'why.' How deeply must we all share his grief! This, indeed, is the winter of our desolation. However, let us thank God, our Father and Saviour, that we already feel the breath of the spring morning, as it comes to our tired sense, blown from the sunny hills of the far-off summer-land. How many of ours have died, and in dying blessed us—fathers, mothers, friends—the loved companions of many years of the happy life; the 'sweet-tipped babes' who broke from our embrace when we could hold them no longer! They have slipped into the everlasting silences, whither we ourselves shall soon have gone. Oh, what meetings and greetings await us 'over there'!"

"I therefore dedicate the reading of this first piece of the evening, as an expression of the sympathy we all feel with our brother, in the (I will not say untimely, for there are no untimely things in Divine providence) premature blasting of the beautiful rose-bud which but yesterday crimsoned with a double-cheeked blush in his flower-garden.

"A delicate bud of the immortal flower, that will unfold and come to its maturity in heaven."

The piece is anonymous, and is entitled,—

TRANSPLANTED.

The gardener came into his garden,
It was very fair to see;
And his Lord walked slowly beside him,
Looking at shrub and tree.

Through borders of odoriferous roses,
Through lilys-blue and purple and white,
By thickets exhaled with crimson,
And arbutos that pruned the light,—

Till they came to a tender flower,
A frail, but a beautiful thing,
That drooped its snow-white petals
Like a bird with a broken wing.

"I think," said the gardener, clasping
The flower with a gentle hand,
"This plant is much too tender
For the winds of this lower land."

"I marvel if, even with shelter,
'Twill thrive in this coarser earth,
Where cold dews fall upon it;
'Tis a plant of priceless worth."

Now his Lord had another garden,
Its gates were of pearl and gold;
And its slopes were nearer heaven
Than this land, so drear and cold.

There never the sun gave languor,
There never the east wind blew,
And the provident care of the Master's hand,
Was looked on sun or dew.

The Lord tendered down on the flower,
And His heart went out to its need;
'Tis just the plant for my garden—
A plant of celestial seed."

The gardener loosened the flower,
Raised the plant for the Lord to see;
Then the gracious Master said, with a smile,
"Give the sweet flower to Me."

And into the gates that were golden,
And over the fabled plain,
And close by the wonderful river of life,
He planted the flower again.

And there, in a deathless splendor,
It blooms and brightens to-day;
And close by the wonderful river of life,
It will brighten to-morrow.

There shall never be want of tending,
Nor lack of love nor of care;
For the Lord of the garden so near to heaven,
Is Lord of the here and there.

FUN AND FACT.

"Do drop letters ever get hurt?"
Well, they are found dead sometimes!

Remember, friends,
The things that might be, always underlie
The things that are.

.... A private in the army sent a letter to his sweetheart, enclosing a card which he had written and kept you from your truly, John Smith.

.... The very perfection of God which seemed to close the door, is the very perfection that is to a poor sinner coming through Jesus.

.... "What's the difference," asked the teacher in arithmetic, "between one yard and two yards?" A fence! said Tommy Brakes. Then Tommy sat on the ruler fourteen times.

.... Moody has point and pit in his sayings. "I have come a hundred miles," said a man out of his own decency, so men and nations are better and improved by trial, and refined out of broken bones and blighted expectations. F. W. Robertson.

.... Philip Phillips went to Joliet to sing to the prisoners, and to imagine the effect when he began his introductory remarks with: "My friends, I am glad to see so many of you here to-day."

.... "Overland route from India!" said Mr. Partington on hearing, "a new route has been discovered." "Bless me," he exclaimed, "those must be the roots they make the Indian meal of?"

Live for something, be not idle—
Look about thee for employ;
Sit not down to useless dreaming—
Labor is the sweetest joy.

Faded hands are never weary;
Life for thee hath many duties—
Active be, then, while you may.

In the memoir of Dr. E. N. Kirk it is recorded that some one asked him how a Christian could best show himself a Christian in society. His reply seems to cover the whole ground: "I always try to put myself into this attitude before leaving home—'Lord, give me an opportunity to honor Thee, and a heart to embrace the opportunity.'—This is all our Lord requires."

.... Jonathan and Paddy were riding together one day, when they came in sight of an old gallop. This suggested to the American the idea of being witty at the expense of his Irish companion. "You see that old gallop," said he, "and now where does he go if he gallops his due?" "Ridgeway alone," coolly replied Paddy.

.... "Illustrated with cuts!" said a mischievous urchin as he drew his knife across the leaves of his grammar. "Illustrated with cuts!" repeated the teacher as he laid his cane across the back of the mischievous urchin.

Lo! the seasons of the year
Glide below thee, with no fear,
While Thou tighest here,
On Thy sword;

Yes, slily, nighly, and day Thou dost gaze on sea and shore;
On Thy feet the rainbow hovers, and my troubled waters roar,
While below Thee in the valleys men adore;
"God, the Lord,"

Full clear the torrent saith
To the heart that kneareth;
"God, the Lord!"

.... A youngster who had been warned of the evil effects of mice had heard a mouse squeal after he had been put in his crib and asked his mother: "What do mice do?" "Oh, mice," she replied, "it won't hurt," was the reply. After a few minutes' silence the youngster remarked: "Guess de mouse been eat mice pie 'fore he go bed, an' made he ky."

.... Now thou art sufficiently convinced that the way thou callest hard, and the cup thou callest bitter, were necessary; that thy Lord had sweeter ends, and meant thee better than thou wouldst believe; and that thy Redeemer was saving thee, as well when he redeemed thee, as when he granted thee; and as well when he broke thy heart as when he bound it.—Baxter.

.... The other day the professor of German asked an unregenerate Junior what the gender of a certain noun was. The Junior quickly replied: "It is neuter, sir. At any rate, it is neuter-me."

THE BROKEN OAR.
Once upon Ireland's solitary strand
A poet wandered with his book and pen,
Seeking some final word, some sweet Amen.

Wherever to close the volume in his hand,
The billows rolled and plunged upon the sand,
The circling sea-gulls swept beyond his head,
And from the parting cloud-roof now and then
Flashed the red sunset over sea and land.

Then by the billows at his feet was tossed
A broken oar, and carved thereon he read:
"Oft was I weary, when I toiled at thee;
And like a man who fadeth what was lost."

He wrote the words, then lifted up his head
And sang his verses pen into the sea.
—LONGFELLOW, in March Atlantic.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VULGARITY.

We have a friend that never speaks a "vulgar word." He is a minister and a writer of ability. "I resolved when I was a child," said he, "never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother without offending her."

He kept his promise. He is a pure-minded, noble, honored man to-day. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Boys easily learn a class of low, vulgar words and expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care on the part of parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course we cannot think of girls as using so much exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words which she would not give utterance to before her father and mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some

boys to be "smart," the "next thing to swearing," and yet not so wicked. It becomes a habit; it leads to profanity; it vulgarizes and degrades the soul; it prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.

Dear young reader, set a watch upon the door of your lips; keep your mouth free from all impurity; and seek the cleansing blood of Jesus, that it may be applied to your young hearts.—S. S. Advocate.

HONOR BRIGHT.

"Will you, now, truly?" "Yes, honor bright." That was all I heard of the talk, as I looked down at the eager faces that passed my window, and it set me to thinking. I have no idea what kind of a compact the boys were making, but whatever it was, they evidently thought it was made specially sure and sacred by those two words, "honor bright." You all think so, I believe, you boys and girls; there is an unwritten code of honor among you, which makes it quite right and proper to break certain kinds of promises, if it secures your convenience, but very disgraceful to break others—the honor-bright kind. May be you got it from your elders, or, what is more likely, your elders learned it when they were boys and girls, and carried the bad principle with them, out of small transactions into great ones, until there is no telling the mischief it has done.

That is a good motto—honor bright—and I wish you would adopt it, not for special things, but for every word and action of your whole lives. If you make a promise, in great things or small, fulfill it carefully, sacredly, honor bright, no matter how much it costs you, provided you have not pledged yourself to a wrong. If you have, there can be no honor about it. You make a promise, in great things or small, fulfill it carefully, sacredly, honor bright, no matter how much it costs you, provided you have not pledged yourself to a wrong. If you have, there can be no honor about it.

You don't want to do this thing? No; but you said you would. Now stick to it, honor bright.—Selected.

FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

A hungry owl on the beffy tower
Saw blinking grave at the rising sun;
"It's a shame," he said, "at this early hour
For the sun to get up, and nothing done—
Watching all night,
And never a bite."

A Thomas cat on that break of day,
Hungry as ever a cat could be,
Prowling round in a sly way,
Came to the foot of that tall beffy tower
Prowling all night,
But never a bite.

"What's that up there on the top of the house?"
It looks like a bird," said the Thomas cat.
"Something below moves like a mouse,"
Said the owl. "It's breakfast; burrah for that!"
Waiting all night,
But at last a bite.

"I'll go for that bird," said the tom-cat soft;
"I'll go for that mouse," said the owl.
The owl went down and the cat aloft,
And they met half way on the beffy stair
Waiting all night,
Now surely a bite.

As both were blind in that morning sun,
Neither the other could plainly see;
"Pat," hissed the cat. "Kiboo!" hissed the owl.
As they clawed for each other quite savagely,
And with all their might
Tried each one to bite.

Frantic and fierce was the conflict, too,
Frenzied the scratches and boots of pain,
Till the owl to a lofty beam suddenly flew,
Leaving the tom-cat scratching in vain—
A terrible fate,
But both got a bite.

"This seems," said the owl, "some horrid mistake."
"You misunderstand," said the cat, with a frown;
"It's both an apology formally made."
Then the owl he went up, and the cat went down—
Each got a bite,
But the kind wasn't right.

—Selected.

FANNY'S TEMPTATION.

"Now, Fanny," said Mrs. Ledyard, "I find that I must go to market directly, and I want you to put the sitting-room in perfect order while I am gone. See how nice you can make it look, and be sure, dear, for I shall not be gone long."

Fanny sighed. The sitting-room did look horridly! There were ends of thread, and scraps of muslin and calico from yesterday's sewing strewn over the carpet; the table was a mass of books, and papers, and letters, and the children's playthings were everywhere.

"Dear me!" she said, looking listlessly around, after watching her mother down the walk; "I don't know where to commence."

Then she heard the voices of the children in the yard. Willie called to her, and she ran down to see what was wanted. The velocipede was out there, and Willie begged to be taken a ride. Then Ada wanted a "tetter" with sister; and by the time that was accomplished, Anna Carter, who lived next door, came out, and the two girls hung over the fence and chattered awhile.

"Oh, dear!" said Fanny at last, "I ought to be in the house this minute clearing up the sitting-room. I do hate to work such nice days."

Then she went in very slowly; went up to the sitting-room very slowly. There she had a surprise! How nice it looked! The room was swept and dusted, and everything everywhere was in perfect order. Kate, from the kitchen, had been there and put everything right. While Fanny stood thinking about it, half pleased and half disappointed, and wondering what mother would say, the door opened and mother came in. What she said was:—

"Why, how nicely you have done the work. It looks as pleasant here as possible—everything done neatly. I am very much pleased."

What did Fanny say? Did she exclaim, "O mother, don't you think I didn't do it all?" Kate came while I was downstairs and surprised me."

215
JAMES F. MAGEE,
Bromfield Street, Boston.

